YOUTH AND CHURCH, by Mervyn Stockwood

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	61
THE PRICE OF AN ALLIANCE	64
TRADE WITH CHINA. By G. D. H. Cole	65
ILLYRIAN DIARY. By R. H. S. Crossman	66
THIS ENGLAND	67
NO ROOM IN THE TOMB. By Sagittarius	67
YOUTH AND CHURCH. By Mervyn Stockwood	67
SCOTCH. By Aylmer Vallance	68
VIGNAC-SUR-VÉZÈRE. By Alexander Werth	70
WITH INTENT. By C. H. Rolph	71
LLANGOLLEN, 1954. By W. John Morgan	72
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Two Festivals. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	74
A Nude and Reflections. By John Berger	74
Look and Listen. By William Salter	75
The Movies. By William Whitebait	75
CORRESPONDENCE	76
From Hon. David Ormsby Gore; Colin Murry; H. A. J. Martin; W. N. Lawrence; P. S. J. Welsford; Eva R. Sittig; Dais Carpenter; David Carver.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	78
THE ELDRITCH SANG. By Sydney Goodsir Smith	79
ELEGY FOR A.T. (1925-1954). By George Mackay Brown	79
REVIEWS:	Page
A Garland For Vanbrugh. By John Summerson	79
Diamond Cut Diamond. By John Raymond	80
Gallant Ally. By Michael Howard	80
Population for the Uninitiated. By Asa Briggs	81
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson	82
Marcher Lords. By Donald Davie	83
SHORTER REVIEWS	83
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	84
CHESS. By Assiac	85
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	85

Belated Wisdom in Suez

So the Russian H-Bomb has won its first victory? At a tense Conservative party meeting last Tuesday night, Sir Winston announced that the £700,000,000 Canal base—with its 80,000 troops, its miles of railways, roads and sidings, its fighter aerodromes and superb radar defences—must be abandoned before its vulnerability is exposed in thermo-nuclear war. Britain's Middle-Eastern forces must now be dispersed in smaller patches and safer areas.

Although the H-Bomb certainly played some part in changing the Prime Minister's mind, it would be wise to accept his emotional announcement with a grain of salt. The Canal base is dispersed over a vast area more than a hundred miles long and at points more than fifty miles wide, and is equipped with the most modern defences against aerial attack. If it has really been rendered obsolete by the H-Bomb, it is difficult to understand why Cyprus and Jordan are regarded as suitable substitutes or, indeed, why it is supposed that any defence can be devised for Western Germany and the British Isles.

Since Sir Winston's novel argument for withdrawing from Suez makes complete nonsense of the Government's whole Defence policy we can safely assume that it was a convenient afterthought. What has really happened is that, after tacitly encouraging the Tory rebels and so frustrating the Cairo negotiations, the Prime Minister has suddenly admitted that Mr. Eden, Mr. Butler and the Chiefs of Staff were right after all. For more than a year they have unanimously urged that we should reach a speedy settlement with the Cairo Junta. But Sir Winston would have none of it and successfully encouraged the Tory rebellion from No. 10 Downing Street. Last October, for instance, when the talks in Cairo were proceeding smoothly, he suddenly decided to make the trivial issue of uniforms a matter of principle. It had already been agreed that 3,000 British technicians should be retained in order to supervise the base in peace-time. The Prime Minister insisted that they should be soldiers in British uniform and made it unmistakably clear that their function was to serve as a symbol that Britain's imperial power still held sway in the Canal Zone. Colonel Nasser, not unnaturally, replied that this insistence on the wearing of uniforms made any agreement impossible since the main Egyptian demand has always been for the acceptance by London of Egypt's sovereign rights in the Zone. The result was deadlock.

Now that deadlock has been ended by Sir Winston. Before the talks began last week, he had conceded that the technicians should be civilians after all! We have always considered that the terms for Anglo-Egyptian co-operation in running the base which Colonel Nasser offered were remarkably reasonable. We have constantly warned the Government that to reject those terms and attempt to hold the base by force was both morally unjustifiable and militarily nonsense, and could only end in a climb-down far more humiliating than that of Abadan. Our predictions have been fulfilled. The Tory Party may find it rather easier to swallow its pride if Sir Winston gives it the excuse of the H-Bomb for doing so. But the rest of the world will not be deceived. If Sir Winston had voluntarily ended the British occupation, restored Egypt full sovereignty and welcomed her as a full and equal Ally, he could have restored Great Britain's position in the Arab world. That he preferred to persuade himself that we are being chased out of Egypt by the Russian H-Bomb only reveals his curious scale of values.

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Petit Coup—Grand Coup?

M. Mendès-France, it is clear, has all along realised that, if he is to win his gamble by July 20, he must play on two tables—with maximum stakes. He must at all costs secure a truce in Indo-China; but, if possible, on terms which do not so outrage Congressional emotions that U.S. endorsement is withheld and—more embarrassing—American aid to France cut off

as a punishment for "doing a Munich" with the Reds. With Mr. Eden's aid he induced Mr. Dulles to leave his tent and come to Paris. What he got from the talks, and at what price, is not clear. The Secretary of State, having explained the "limitations" his Government wishes to observe in the Far East, has returned to Washington: the Geneva Conference goes on with one Minister outside the door. On the other hand, Mr. Dulles has modified his contemptuous attitude at least to the extent of replacing the Prague Ambassador by General Bedell Smith as U.S. representative—to act "without departing from the principles" laid down by Mr. Dulles in Paris. Does this mean that the State Department is accepting the realities of France's desperate situation in Viet Nam? Or has M. Mendès-France secured this qualified American support at the cost of promising to stand out for terms which the Viet Minh, flushed with military successes, can hardly be expected to accept? He has announced that he is "satisfied" by his conversations with Mr. Dulles, and Mr. Eden has apparently told Mr. Molotov that the Paris talks will not "impede" agreement at Geneva. We share these hopes; but to turn up "Grand Coup" on two tables at once is a lot for a gambler to achieve.

Towards Stability in Guatemala

The Special Correspondent of *The Times* in Guatemala City reports that Castillo Armas makes an excellent impression and that "the chances of attaining stability today seem good," though he admits "the embarrassing problem of nearly 1,000 refugees in various Latin-American embassies." The stability which he foresees is no doubt not very different from the normal pattern of life in Central America. For Armas has pledged himself to the total elimination of all "Communists," the encouragement of foreign capital and the "juster" administration of the existing agrarian law—meaning presumably the exclusion from its provisions of the United Fruit Company's reserve land. Meanwhile, the Roman Catholic Archbishop has duly called on his flock to "follow Castillo Armas as protector of the Church." A not unworthy epitaph over the Guatemalan experiment in progress is given this week with remarkable candour by *Time* magazine:

> No matter who furnished the arms to Castillo Armas, it was abundantly clear that U.S. Ambassador John E. Peurifoy master-minded most of the changes once Castillo Armas began his revolt. It was he who . . . saw to it that the new Government was solidly anti-Communist.

The revolution, adds *Time*, including expert pilots, "must have cost well over $1,000,000—perhaps as much as $5,000,000."

The Cost of Benefits

Retirement pensions, now paid to 4.2 million old people, accounted for almost three-quarters of the total benefits paid out by the National Insurance Fund last year, having risen by more than £40m. over the 1952 level of £275m. Their share of the social security budget, set out in the first annual report of the combined Ministries of National Insurance and Pensions, is so large that concern at the cost of pensions has understandably obscured the fact that, as a nation, we have been getting our social security on the cheap. It is true that sickness benefit rose last year—from £63m. to £79m.—and that 1953 was the first year since the scheme started in which current claims never fell below 800,000. It is also true that unemployment benefit cost more—£26m. instead of £14m. But the balance of the Fund as a whole has been maintained solely by the Government's refusal to raise all benefits, including retirement pensions, to a reasonable subsistence level. Claimants for sickness and unemployment benefit—who draw less than a quarter of the Fund's payments—have been penalised because the Government has been terrified by fear of a soaring pension liability. Family allowances, which are also included in this report, went up by £41m., owing to the increase from five to eight shillings a week. To extend these to the first child would cost approximately £63m. a year. In short, were it not for the millstone of retirement pensions, it would be possible to make a substantial advance in social welfare standards at the comparatively modest cost of little more than £100m. a year.

P.E.P. on Birth Control

Pessimists about the rapidly increasing world-population believe that we cannot feed half the population adequately now and are aggravating the problem by death-control—the humanitarian health-services—instead of allowing the "natural" sanctions of war, disease and pestilence to operate. But, as the new and valuable broadsheet by P.E.P., *Controlling Human Numbers*, points out: "Both death-control and food control have humane objects which are not relinquishable. But these beneficent policies are in danger of defeating their worthy ends unless supplemented by birth control and conservation of resources." Manifestly some immediate check is needed on the populations of India, Japan, Italy and many countries in Latin America. The difficulties are ignorance and religious objections; although birth-control, when its definition includes the rhythm method, is not opposed by any of the main world religions. Even the Catholics accept the rhythm ("safe period") method, which they regard as continence rather than control. The P.E.P. broadsheet points out the unsatisfactoriness of this method, which depends upon illiterate women discovering the moment of ovulation and may mean, as in Dr. Abraham Stone's experiment in India, using a complicated system of coloured beads. Appliance methods call for medical or para-medical services which cannot at present be organised on a scale commensurate with the problem. The need is for a cheap, oral method which, by actually preventing fertilisation, can escape condemnation as an abortifacient. Obviously, such a method involves interference with the complex system of hormones and, until a great deal more is known of balance, undesired side-effects may be produced. What is needed is public recognition and support for birth-control research, in terms as frank and as well-balanced as this P.E.P. broadsheet.

Vendettas

The *Daily Express* found it necessary last week (July 8) to reply to our charge that it indulges in vendettas. The fact has long been notorious in Fleet Street, but until recently few newspapers have cared to incur Lord Beaverbrook's wrath by supporting this journal in exposing the peculiar nature of his propaganda. We are glad to have an ally in the *Observer*, which is periodically vilified by the *Express* on the fantastic ground that its controlling personnel, like the Throne of England, must be Protestant. By an equal irrelevance, the *Express* replied to the charge of constantly misrepresenting the British Council by claiming to have pointed out the British Council's faults. The *Express* is entitled to criticise the Council, when, as has sometimes happened, it has deserved criticism. But what we, in common with other weekly journals of opinion, have pointed out is that the *Express* attacks have taken the form of a sustained campaign of misrepresentation and mudslinging. Similarly, no one who has followed the vilification of Lord Mountbatten and Mr. Nehru in the Beaverbrook press—not to speak of less distinguished individuals—can fail to see that personal animosities reinforce political disagreements. The *Express* knows as well as we do that so far from being the "chief agent of a swift and far-reaching disintegration in the British Empire," Mountbatten played a vital part in preventing a war between Britain and India and keeping India in the Commonwealth. But the *Express*, to do it justice, is not satisfied by mere argument; its tactics are to smear individuals.

What is a Bowler?

The *Daily Mirror*, which managed to get one of its reporters saluted five times by sentries in Whitehall, is to be congratulated on exposing a particularly absurd survival from the past. According to Queen's Regulations a soldier should salute "All commissioned officers whom they know to be such." Because soldiers cannot be expected in the usual way to recognise officers in mufti whom they do not know, this regulation is usually ignored. Sensible colonels in the last war told young officers that it was "the uniform not the man" which was being saluted, and they must not expect to be saluted unless properly dressed in uniform. But in the Guards and Household Cavalry there survives the tradition of barrack square discipline. True, the soldier who evades or misunderstands an order is no longer flogged as he was in the 18th century; instead, he is "put on a charge" on every and any possible occasion. This is discipline. A common charge against a Guardsman, for instance, is that he is "seen idling in company with a female," which may mean nothing but that he has been observed walking hand in hand or arm in arm with his sweetheart or even his wife. In order to make life more difficult, it is assumed, absurdly, that he can recognise every officer in his regiment, even in mufti. The officers, in their turn, are expected to wear bowler hats slightly off the forehead, and, presumably in honour of Mr. Chamberlain, to carry rolled umbrellas. Does the Secretary of State for War really think this nonsense good for discipline?

PARIS

Diplomacy by Deadline

Our Paris Correspondent writes: As July 20 approaches, M. Mendès-France's race against time is distracting even sports-minded Frenchmen from their annual contemplation of the *Tour de France*, now pursuing its monotonous course. Shorn of its excitement and drama, however, Mendès-France's bid boils down to a coolly calculated risk. Most observers in Paris agree that to offer the Viet Minh a choice between a rapid settlement and the return to M. Bidault was in itself a shrewd diplomatic stroke. Further, there is good reason to suppose, as M. André Fontaine pointed out in *Le Monde* last week, that Mendès-France's methods are more suited than those of M. Bidault to the tenor of the negotiations at Geneva. Whether Bidault's desire for peace was real or not, argued M. Fontaine, the Communist delegates were never convinced of his sincerity and they were genuinely mystified by his "Talleyrand Overbid" brand of diplomacy. By contrast, Mendès-France's honesty and realism have at least made France's position abundantly clear; and his successive meetings with Chou En-lai, Molotov and Pham Van Dong have narrowed the area of disagreement down to certain specific points.

On the other hand these points of disagreement are very real, and there is serious concern in Paris that, even assuming good will on the part of the Viet Minh, the July 20 deadline may leave insufficient time for their solution. Observers agree that the problem of the mixed commissions can be solved. They also agree that the opposing delegations will both eventually accept the 16th Parallel as a compromise demarcation line, and that a territorial settlement in the Hanoi-Haiphong area does not present any insuperable difficulties. But the terms of the political settlement—above all the date of the elections—are regarded as a serious obstacle, which can be surmounted only after lengthy and bitter discussions. Circles close to M. Mendès-France insist that he will not retreat from his basic position that the Vietnamese Government must be given a certain minimum period of preparation before elections are held, and they add that the Viet Minh will have to make substantial concessions if agreement is to be reached. In any case, everyone recognises that a settlement is unlikely before July 19, and that Monday night will probably be decisive.

In France itself, Mendès-France's efforts have been watched with growing admiration. True, last weekend, the M.R.P. National Committee reaffirmed its hostility and agreed to preserve an attitude of what it termed "serene expectation"—presumably of failure. But, apart from the M.R.P. and a section of the Independents, Parliamentary opinion is strongly favourable and this attitude is reflected by the press. There is great disappointment, however, that Mendès-France's efforts have received so little encouragement abroad, particularly in America. Mr. Dulles's attitude, including his refusal to send a senior representative to Geneva, is interpreted here as a deliberate attempt to sabotage the negotiations, particularly since the Viet Minh themselves are believed to be anxious to secure American endorsement of the cease-fire terms. Unless his visit to Paris convinces him that U.S. policy is not tenable, the role he is playing may be disastrous; and, in any case, the interruption of the talks at Geneva is regrettable. For, if a cease-fire is not arranged by Tuesday, it is difficult to see how and when negotiations can be resumed.

Meanwhile, the military situation continues to deteriorate. The imminence of the fall of Hanoi has been greatly exaggerated by the British press, but there is no doubt that it cannot be held indefinitely without substantial reinforcements. Yet these, even if authorised by the Assembly, could not go into action before September. Who is to do the fighting in the meantime? The Americans have already categorically refused. The Vietnamese forces are deserting at the rate of 500 a day. Even granted Mr. Dulles's assumption that a cease-fire based on partition would be an "Eastern Munich," it is felt here that a successful Munich is better than an unsuccessful Dunkirk.

PORT TALBOT

Trouble in Steel

A South Wales Correspondent writes: The effects of the unofficial strike by the 300 men who work the Steel Company of Wales' coke-ovens here have been as serious as the strikers anticipated. Without gas the blast furnaces have had to be damped down. This means that 4,500 tons of steel are being lost daily, and over 2,000 men are out of work. Within days, as a result, production will also have slowed to a crawl at the cold-reduction-mill at Trostre, Llanelly.

Apart from the novelty of a strike in the steel industry, the situation has curious features. The 300 strikers are themselves at work and drawing wages, while thousands of their non-striking fellow-workers are on the dole. When the strike began the Company at once moved in volunteer clerical and supervisory staff to work the ovens. The staff, however, belong to the same union, the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, as the coke-oven workers. Some unionists protested against a situation in which union members were, in a way, strike-breaking. On July 9 an agreement was reached by management, union and strikers whereby the company agreed to withdraw staff labour if the strikers would return as safety-men to the ovens, maintain their temperature and produce 5,000 instead of the normal 15,000 tons of coke. This meant that the ovens would continue to supply gas to five towns in the area but not to the works. Once this was agreed, it was only a matter of hours before the great works came to a standstill, which they did late on Monday afternoon. The non-striking members of the Iron and Steel Confederation have thus, in effect, locked themselves out although some of them are out of sympathy with the strikers.

The coke-oven men are striking for higher wages and better working conditions; and they have some support among people who know just how unpleasant a job they have. The coke-oven man is usually black at the end of the shift and has to put up with the possibility of gas-poisoning. His wages, at present, average £10 a week which, in a steelworks of this kind, is not high. Moreover, the strikers are angered at the action of the Company in providing the "volunteers" with the protective clothing which they themselves had been claiming.

The Company, however, declines to make a move in the situation until the strikers resume normal working, and at the moment the strikers will not give way. Some feel they have waited long enough for results from the normal channels of negotiations and that only a prolonged trial of strength can demonstrate their discontent. In this attitude one finds non-strikers prepared to support them, especially those who consider that their union has been far too conciliatory towards management in the past. The traditional amity between the Confederation and Company in this part of the world has, some feel, not been altogether admirable and there is criticism of the union for not supporting the strike.

WESTMINSTER

Winston on Washington

After forty fidgety minutes on a somnolent Monday afternoon, Sir Winston Churchill came to his peroration. On the front bench below the gangway the four Tories who were nodding opened their eyes and blinked uneasily. On the Opposition benches Members who had been in turn profoundly bored and profoundly irritated by the Prime Minister's turgid soliloquy sat up and cheered. For with more vigour than he had mobilised for some time Churchill, addressing himself to Washington, Moscow, and Peking, enunciated his plea for peaceful co-existence. In doing so he demonstrated, paradoxically, both his far-sightedness and his lack of perception. He showed that he can accept the grand idea, clothe it in phrases, and yet fall short of appreciating its meaning. Only a few minutes previously he had been hurt and shocked that Senator Knowland should have followed the Washington talks with a passionate threat to wreck the United Nations should Peking be granted membership. But he was distressed, not so much that Knowland had voiced such destructive sentiments, as at the implied accusation that he, Churchill, had actually been pressing Eisenhower to accord recognition!

The rest of the statement was a hash of weary verbiage which contained, all the same, more controversial coat-trailing than some sections of the House thought proper in a Ministerial statement. Statements after questions are a convenient means of giving the House facts which it needs to inform its judgment. They cannot, at the time, be debated. It is therefore an abuse if a statement is used to work in a debating speech to which no one can reply. Aneurin Bevan intervened to make this point. The House must be vigilant in protection of its rights, particularly against Churchill, who sees it as a captive, if unruly, audience. When checked he rides off with benign impudence. "I often make controversial statements," he grinned, "I made one last week," said he, referring to Members' expenses.

The victory of the 1922 Committee on this issue, which for the sake of peace, Parliamentary decency, and the poorer Members, has been accepted, has given Conservative back-benchers a heady sensation of power. They reckon that they now have the old man where they want him. They need him in the country, but they deplore his dangerous proclivity to take no notice of them in the House and in the Cabinet. Now that they have registered one victory they feel that he can be stage-managed. He will be dressed, brushed down, and steered to the box to sparkle at question time. Then he will be taken home and rested. They are deluded. He can still, on occasion, make them sit up and blink uneasily.

The Commons, on a £2 a day sessional allowance, is mildly enjoying the spectacle of their unpaid Lordships, who are not as young as they used to be, as Lord Jowitt almost pathetically pointed out, labouring into the small hours on the Television Bill. Even more enjoyable is the impression that some of their Lordships from the older aristocracy are using the controversy to protest by implication at the brash commercialism which has replaced the gentlemanly tradition in the Conservative Party. But even more significant is the sight of weary, uninterested peers hanging about the place ready to vote under instruction from the Whips, proving that the Lords is, in reality, the creature of the Conservative Party, obsequiously ready to support it not only against Labour, but in the end against its own occasional cultured and civilised instincts.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Price of An Alliance

PERHAPS the most revealing part of the Prime Minister's Commons statement last Monday about his visit to Washington was what could be deduced, both from his words and from what could be read between them, of the anxiety in which he set out. He was "astounded" at Mr. Stirling Cole's revelations about the results of the 1952 atomic tests at Eniwetok. He was "deeply concerned" at the lack of information we possess on U.S. nuclear progress—especially "considering what immense differences the facts . . . made on our whole outlook for Defence, and notably Civil Defence, depth of shelters, dispersion of population, anti-aircraft artillery, and so forth." Then again, he was very glad to read after leaving Washington of President Eisenhower's statement that the hope of the world lies in peaceful co-existence of the Communist and non-Communist Powers. "What a vast ideological gulf," he added, "there is between the idea of peaceful co-existence, vigilantly safeguarded, and a mood of forcibly extirpating the Communist fallacy and heresy. . . . [President Eisenhower's] statement is a recognition of the appalling character which war has now assumed and that its fearful consequences go even beyond the difficulties and dangers of dwelling side by side with the Communist States." It is pretty clear, in fact, that Sir Winston went post-haste to Washington, moved by anxiety both about U.S. atomic secrecy and about the increasingly aggressive external policy which used to be associated only with the Right-wing extremists in the Republican Party, but recently seems more and more to have permeated the Administration. In evaluating his claim that his mission was a success, one must estimate what progress he made in convincing the White House of the validity of the British point of view on both these matters, and what concessions he made in the process of "dispelling nightmares."

Sir Winston has always understood very clearly that the McMahon Act, depriving America's allies of the opportunity to share in the secrets of U.S. atomic progress, is something more than an affront to Britain, more even than a stumbling block to Anglo-American good relations. It is a deadly threat to the security of the British Isles. With the U.S. bomber force disposed as it is, its resort to nuclear weapons in Europe must—now that Russia, too, is manufacturing nuclear weapons in quantity—mean automatic retaliation on Britain. Yet, even after the Washington talks, it seems probable that we do not know with accuracy either the numbers or the types of weapons which the U.S. disposes; and certainly we have not yet been let into any of the secrets of their progress in research and production. No wonder Sir Winston was "deeply concerned" when the nature of an H-Bomb explosion was made known for the first time. Since he returned from Washington, he is able to claim that "more satisfactory conditions will prevail between our two countries in the future than has been the case since the war with Germany came to an end." Even that gives no more than modest grounds for satisfaction. The atomic danger to Britain is so great that, if the Western alliance is to continue, it can only be on the understanding that Britain is privy to all U.S. strategic dispositions in Europe, and retains an absolute control over the use of British bases.

As for those among President Eisenhower's supporters who refuse to contemplate a *modus vivendi* with the Communist half of the world, and conceive of U.S. foreign policy as being a continuing military threat to Moscow and Peking in a hopeless effort to "liberate" the satellite countries, Sir Winston has, since his return, publicly exploded against Senator Knowland. But far more important is what he said on this subject to President Eisenhower. The fact that Sir Winston is prepared to express pleasure at the success of his mission (coupled with the rather more accommodating attitude taken by Mr. Eisenhower in his statement after the talks) suggests that the Prime Minister spoke bluntly. Indeed, we have no doubt he made it very plain that the U.S. would have to "go it alone," if Republican foreign policy drifted towards the doctrine of aggressive liberation. It has since become sadly doubtful whether the President can resist Knowland's counter-pressure; but at least he seems to have been impressed at the time.

So far, then, the Prime Minister is entitled to claim that in the interests of an effective Western alliance and better Anglo-American understanding, he did make a stand on both the matters which directly occasioned his visit. But, in pressing President Eisenhower as he did, how many concessions of the British point of view did he make in exchange? The first was on Guatemala. It is not difficult to understand the calculation by which Sir Winston, surveying the *Realpolitik* of the situation from his guest room at the White House, concluded that the writing off of an already defeated Guatemala was a small price to pay for a better chance of gaining what he considered his principal objectives. Nevertheless, in instructing the British delegate at the Security Council neither to raise his voice nor to use his vote in condemnation of a palpable act of aggression, he has dishonoured the Charter of the United Nations and lowered British repute among the smaller nations. The second concession appears to have been over the admission of China to the Security Council. We do not suppose for a moment that Sir Winston believes now, any more than before the Washington visit, that there can be any enduring settlement with China, except on the basis of her full membership of the U.N. Nevertheless, he has found it necessary to come to the rescue of President Eisenhower in his domestic political embarrassments by declaring that, though the Government still believes that Peking should be represented in the U.N. "they certainly do not consider that this is the moment for the matter to be reconsidered." Thus Senator Knowland gains his point. Britain falls in with the American prejudice, and much of the more favourable atmosphere created between East and West at the Geneva Conference may be dispersed.

Less unexpected was the Prime Minister's reiteration of the urgency of French ratification of the E.D.C. treaty. Certainly this accords exactly with the American attitude; but in this case it can hardly be claimed that Sir Winston was making a concession. He himself has for long been guilty of an inconsistency in viewing Europe. He has always been the first to advocate peaceful co-existence with Russia and her satellites, and the last to realise that the rearming of a divided Germany makes that almost impossible. Yet Dr. Adenauer's utterances in recent weeks have given further evidence, if it were necessary, that E.D.C.—or, failing that, the sovereignty of West Germany now proposed—conceals an aggressive policy in Europe. If that is so, it will prove to be a fact that, in the end, Britain, under any Government, will do everything possible to contract out of the consequences of rearming Dr. Adenauer and revitalising Krupps.

Sir Winston, therefore, in trying to dispel Mr. Dulles's nightmares, made two concessions of prime British interests, and may also have misled the Americans about the nature of British policy towards a rearmed Germany. We do not underestimate the difficulty in which he found himself. Republican opinion in the U.S. was bitterly hostile to Britain at the time of Sir Winston's arrival in Washington, and he may well have felt that these concessions were the least that could be made if harmony was to be restored between the two Administrations. But this is precisely the point at which the Prime Minister leaves himself open to challenge. Is Anglo-American disharmony, no matter which side must bear the principal responsibility for it, always to be dispelled by the concession of vital British interests? Does the fate of all the world have to hang on next November's mid-term elections? Our criticism of Sir Winston is not that he failed to escape from his dilemma; but that on this occasion the best service he could have done to a genuine understanding between Britain and America would have been to refuse to pay so high a price for the shadow rather than the substance of friendship.

In paying the price he has paid, we fear that Sir Winston may have failed on two counts. First, he may in fact have made concessions, precisely and in terms, of which the public has not yet been told and which will prove in the future an embarrassment to British policy or even to British security. Even if that fear should be unfounded, it seems only too likely that he has lulled the U.S. into believing that Britain will implement, or at least acquiesce in, policies which are in fact out of the question. A tale is being told, irreverently and perhaps apocryphally in London, that Mr. Eden in seeking to impress upon Mr. Dulles his need to bring home something from the Geneva Conference warned the Secretary of State that the alternative might be Mr. Bevan as the British Foreign Secretary within six months. Whether that story is true or not, it illustrates a serious political point. Britain's geographical position in Europe, no less than her economic, political and psychological position in the Commonwealth, compels her to regard any military alliance as conditional. The original concept of a defensive Western alliance against aggression was, and remains, legitimate policy: the friendship and co-operation of the English-speaking peoples of the world remains a highly desirable objective. But Britain is compelled by her position to refuse to constitute herself the first target for the H-Bomb; to insist on seeking a *modus vivendi* with the Communist half of the world; to refuse to allow Asia to be torn apart in a war of Colour; and to insist that the provisions of the U.N. Charter must be applied to friends no less than to foes. No high-sounding platitudes about Anglo-American co-operation can change these fundamentals.

These are the permanent objectives of British policy, and the unchanging conditions of a successful Western alliance. They do not vary with the ebb and flow of Cold War tactics. They will, in the last extremity, be accepted by any British government. What President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have to realise is that, though Mr. Bevan may be the only British political leader brash enough to voice these unpalatable truths when danger is remote, in moments of crisis they will be the decisive considerations with any Foreign Secretary. Anglo-American relations have too long been formed in a stereotyped pattern of American pressure leading to British concessions—followed some time later by American indignation and surprise at another

British "betrayal." We believe it is far better to define publicly the purposes for which we are in the Western alliance and the conditions on which we can afford to remain in it; to make certain, in short, that both President Eisenhower and the American people know in advance the circumstances in which they would have to forfeit British military support and go it alone.

Trade with China

THE Chinese trade delegation, which has just completed its visit to Britain, has been a "success" in the sense that it made valuable contacts, examined possibilities of enlarged commerce in the light of practical British demand and manufacturing capacity, and paved the way for reciprocal visits to China by British merchants and industrialists. But it left, inevitably, without solving a problem which is primarily political.

During the past two or three years, Britain's trade with China has been reduced to a trickle. We have stopped short, admittedly, of the complete boycott which the Americans would like their allies to impose on trade with the People's Republic; nevertheless, both directly and as the controlling power in Hong Kong, Britain has undoubtedly gone much further than other Western European nations in shutting down trade with China. While Western Germany and some other countries have been supplying the Chinese market with increasing quantities of goods—some of them, ironically, being "re-exports" of U.S. manufactures—British exports to China have remained exceedingly low. Further, the services of British shipping—whatever our American critics may say—have not been forthcoming for conveying to the Chinese any substantial quantities either of British or of other goods from the outside world. Ceylon, it is true, has driven a highly profitable bargain with China for exchange of rubber against rice; but, with this notable exception, the Chinese Republic has been compelled to divert most of its foreign trade to U.S.S.R. and countries of the Soviet Bloc—for the simple reason that only these countries have been ready to supply the goods China needs.

The form taken by this trade is that of so-called "barter" agreements. These are not, however, based on barter in the strict sense: they are rather arrangements for balancing bilateral trade covering a wide range of products. China, under Communist rule, is no longer running a trade deficit; it is limiting its imports to what it can afford to pay for with exports—mainly agricultural products. It is seeking to carry through its extensive plans of industrialisation with a minimum of imported supplies; and because it has to keep imports down to the lowest practicable level, it has to be very careful about what imports it lets in. China cannot afford to admit imports of luxury goods, or even large quantities of consumer goods of any kind. So pressing is its need for the means of industrial development that it has to ensure that the limited supplies of goods which can be spared from "investment" are used to pay for those imports which will help it most in raising its own future productivity.

This is the root of the trouble. In American eyes, practically all exports of capital goods, or of materials for making capital goods, to China are calculated to increase the military potential of the People's Republic, and ought therefore to be banned. The Americans reject the view that it is enough to prevent China from importing actual munitions of war, or even materials which can be put to warlike uses. From their point of view, anything that makes "Red" China stronger is anathema; and they have been able to insist on the inclusion in their list of banned exports the great majority of the goods which the Chinese need for such purposes as the improvement of their transport system, the development of electricity supply, and the building of industries. This attitude is doubtless logical—*on the assumption that war with the Communist world is inevitable, and that it is essential to destroy the People's Republic and reinstate a puppet regime under Chiang Kai-shek.* Save on that assumption, the present list of prohibited goods is nonsensical.

Now it is obviously inconsistent for Britain to recognise, as it does, the present Government of China, and to follow the American policy of seeking to compass its destruction by refusing it supplies which it clearly needs for its economic development. Britain has, in fact, been forced, as a consequence of the Korean crisis, into a policy which is both self-contradictory and exceedingly damaging to her own best economic interests. In the present state of the world, it is likely that the major part of China's external trade will be carried on with the Eastern Bloc; but, even so, there remains a considerable market for British goods in China, and the development of such commercial exchanges would make a big contribution to lessening present tensions in the Far East, and to opening a field for British exports which would help towards easing the strain on Britain's balance of payments.

These possibilities are examined in a pamphlet just issued by the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade, a body which grew out of the Moscow Economic Conference held about two years ago. *China's Foreign Trade* begins with a study of what was happening to Chinese trade between 1945 and the Korean crisis, and what has happened to it since. It then goes on to consider along what lines and to what extent trade between China and Britain could be developed if the present boycott were limited to the exclusion of munitions and other supplies clearly destined for warlike purposes. The results of the analysis are impressive. In 1950, the Eastern Bloc, including Russia, accounted for a quarter of China's total foreign trade; in 1953, it accounted for three-quarters of a greatly increased total—roughly 3 billion dollars, against 1.2 billion. From Britain and Hong Kong combined, exports to China were $266 millions in 1950, and $288 millions in 1951; after that, they fell to $104 millions in 1952, and were $112 millions last year. Imports from China over the same period have been relatively steady, at an average of just over $170 millions annually. Meanwhile, between 1950 and 1953, Ceylon has increased its exports to China from nil to $49 millions and its imports from almost nothing to over $38 millions.

What is China in a position to send us, if we supply the goods the Chinese need? The answer given in the pamphlet rests partly on an analysis of the goods we got from China before the trade was so drastically cut. The conclusion is that immediately practicable imports by Britain from China might reach between £38m. and £50m., made up mainly of five groups of goods—eggs and egg products (£8-10m.); vegetable oils (£8-10m.); soya beans (£6-8m.); maize (£2-4m.); bristles and textile materials (£8-10m.), plus a miscellaneous group representing a further £6-8m. This, of course, would not amount to a large proportion of total British imports; but it would save quite a substantial amount of U.S. dollars. The question arises whether China is now in a position to spare the quantities of exports, especially foodstuffs, which these target figures—assuming them to be realistic—postulate. That is primarily a matter

for the Chinese; and the answer appears to be that they can spare them, provided they get really worthwhile imports in exchange. This, in turn, means that British exporters must be able to enter into firm contracts, and not be held up indefinitely for export permits, with the constant risk of having permission finally refused even if the goods in question are not definitely on the banned list. For a considerable part of the present difficulty lies in the fact that so many goods are "marginal" —neither quite in nor quite out of a banned category—so that endless arguments take place, and provisional permits are apt to be revoked under American pressure.

Clearly there is more trade with China to be done if Britain is prepared to do it. This was the main argument of the Chinese trade mission during its visit. And Britain is not the only country concerned: there should be large possibilities for the sterling area as a whole; and if trade can be got going, there is no reason why it should be limited to a strict bilateralism. China might be content to balance her trade with the sterling area as a whole, allowing some elasticity between its individual members.

A little, but only a little, has been achieved already, by means of the private bargains concluded after the Moscow Conference. But a number of these private deals have been made abortive by the refusal of permits to export the goods the Chinese have agreed to accept. China's greatest needs at present are for machine tools, electrical equipment, semi-finished steel and other metal goods, chemicals and medical supplies. Only when these demands are being met, will there develop a demand for such things as motor cars or any substantial quantities of other consumer goods: China cannot afford to import these until her own production has risen further.

Materially and politically the case for increased Sino-British trade is overwhelming. American-imposed embargoes apart, its growth would be gradual, for the Chinese have no intention of asking for credits: their policy is to pay "on the nail" for what they can afford to buy. But any openings for trade with China are worth pursuing, both for economic advantage and for the contribution that normal trading relations would make to improved political relations with Asia.

G. D. H. COLE

Illyrian Diary

"AND what do you feel like after a fortnight in a Communist State?" It was an impertinent question, and not till I found myself sitting opposite the gentleman from Baltimore at breakfast on the *Partisanka* did I dare to pop it. I had first noticed him strolling the few hundred yards from Yugoslavia's most select luxury hotel into Dubrovnik—white-haired and courteous in spotless shantung, a character out of Henry James. Now that we had met again, sailing back up the Dalmatian coast to Rjeka and Venice, I could not resist the temptation. He was so obviously out of place. Most of my fellow-tourists were either placid middle-class Austrians who had discovered that a fortnight on the Dalmatian coast was the cheapest way for them to acquire a Mediterranean tan or else mildly bohemian Scandinavian, Dutch and English people out to combine the best sea-bathing in the world with a mildly Left-wing political venture. The gentleman from Baltimore did not seem to fit into our *galère*.

My question obviously puzzled him. "Communist?" he said. "These Yugoslavs are not Communistic at all. Of course I didn't come here for politics but to do the Illyrian tour before meeting my wife in Florence. But I must tell you that I've been greatly impressed with this little country in contrast with Italy. Look at Venice—the plaster flaking off the palazzos and the dim musty churches—compared with Dubrovnik. Nowhere else have I seen antiquities so lovingly preserved. This must be the cleanest, neatest of the world's seven wonders and I found the people full of self-respect and dignity. No, there's nothing Communistic about them."

* * *

If you define Communism—in the way that every right-minded American must define it—as servitude, drabness and unhappiness, you have to admit that it doesn't exist in Dalmatia. Anyone, for instance, who attended the opening of the Dubrovnik festival this year must have realised that he wasn't in a police State, in the American meaning of the phrase. The ceremony took place just after sunset in the big square just inside the last of the three city gates. At the climax, if I remember aright, there was an orchestra, two massed choirs, a torchlight procession, and actors all on the ground level. High above them another lot of actors on the portico of the Renaissance customs house, a release of doves from the tower, a cascade of rockets, and a cannonade from the town wall. What a fiesta! And over half the 18,000 inhabitants of Dubrovnik must have been enjoying the fun. As a guest of the town council I stuck close to the local Party boss as he pushed his way through the crowd to the tribune, and can guarantee that we had no police protection. Indeed, by British standards there were far too few policemen and soldiers about, with the result that a good many of the actors and a section of the torchlight procession never got through the spectators. In his own terms the gentleman from Baltimore was quite right.

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But what exactly has been the change since 1948? Certainly not an improvement in economic conditions. This is still a desperately poor country. How poor, I realised when I asked how many private cars there were in Dubrovnik. "One," I was told, "and the owner paid a million dinars in customs duty to import it from America. In our country, a pushbike is a sign of affluence." But if the régime has not succeeded so far in improving the standard of living, the political climate has been transformed. First, of course, there is the pride, which even the most violent anti-Communist shares, that Yugoslavia is no one's satellite. And then, even more important, there is a growing confidence that arbitrary injustice and, in particular, arbitrary arrest, are being eliminated. "At least they now respect their own laws," as one opponent of the régime put it to me when I asked him to explain the difference. "I think their system is unworkable, but we get what we are entitled to under it, and no longer have to put up with the whims of a local Party bully." In fact, this is still a Communist State, but not a police State, because the police are now servants of the law.

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National poverty has its peculiar problems for a town which relies entirely on tourism. Of all the industries which it is difficult to socialise and yet keep profitable and efficient, tourism must be the worst. Until this year, the difficulty was concealed in Yugoslavia by the huge sums made available for subsidised workers' holidays. In 1951, when I was in Dubrovnik last, even the most expensive hotels were two-thirds full of Yugoslav workers paying only a fraction of what it cost to keep them. This year, after a fierce debate in the Croatian Parliament, a motion was passed by a majority of seven votes abolishing the subsidy. Moreover, in strict conformity with general economic policy, tourism has been decentralised. Each hotel or restaurant is run by a Workers' Council, and if it ends the year in the red, the workers only get 80 per cent. of their wages. As a result of this change, although the first-class hotels are still full of foreigners, who find the prices low by Western European standards, a number of the simpler establishments outside Dubrovnik which had been relying on Yugoslav custom are half empty. At present wage and salary levels there are very few Yugoslavs who can afford to buy a new suit of clothes after paying their weekly food bills, let alone take their family for a holiday even in a third-class hotel. Hence the crisis in the tourist industry. Having eliminated the middle class which used to frequent the hotels, the Government cannot afford to waste its resources on subsidising workers' holidays in them; and it cannot greatly increase the influx of foreign visitors without improving its roads and railways—a vast and, in the short run, unremunerative task.

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When I suggested that the problem might be solved by de-socialising some, at least, of the hotels and restaurants, and letting the private entrepreneur fend for himself, I was quickly rebuked. "We have knocked out the capitalists and the rentiers," I was told, "but give them half a chance, and they would be making enough money to become dangerous again. Surely you must admit, as a Socialist, that exploitation is evil. That is why, under our system, no peasant can own more than 15 acres, the most he can cultivate without hired labour. That is why no houseowner can enjoy the rent of more than two dwellings, and no private business employ more than five workers." In fact, the only free enterprises that I could discover in Dubrovnik—apart from the skilled craftsmen, who still work on their own, and a horde of barbers—were a few rapacious taximen and boatmen on the water front. And the sense of class war is still very strong, with a cobbler and a carpenter running the town and the leading wine merchant of pre-war days plying his dinghy for hire in the harbour and retailing his woes to the tourist. I can well understand why Djilas got such short shrift. The revolution is not yet so firmly established that it might not be reversed if any serious concessions were made to capitalism or even to parliamentary democracy.

* * *

"Go to Sarajevo?" they said to me in Dubrovnik. "You can't do it. The road is terrible, and there is nothing to see when you get there." But I am not sure which I enjoyed more, the road or the destination. Apart from the tiny patches of coastal plain, which have been cultivated ever since the Greeks planted their colonies at Epidaurus and Corcyra, Dalmatia is a desolation of granite and limestone. But go past Mostar with its willow-patterned Turkish bridge, and its hundred mosques; drive through the fantastic gorge and the vast Jablonitza electric power station; storm one hair-raising pass, and suddenly you are in Shangri-la, an upland paradise of great trees, running streams, and peasant houses with high pitched roofs. Eighty-six per cent. of the Bosnians are still primitive peasants, who regard the arrival of a car on their narrow dusty roads as an event to be celebrated by wild cheering. But Bosnia is also rich in coal and bauxite, and Sarajevo, its capital, the centre of an industrial revolution. Before the war, all this mineral wealth was exported: now an effort is being made to establish industries which can use it on the spot. So the

population of this untidy town, climbing up the sides of a wooded cleft in the mountains, has more than doubled. One result of this revolution was the need for better transport. The first decision, taken in the epoch of Stalinite meglomania, was to built a new railway station. There it stands vast, extremely beautiful, but with hardly any traffic. Since then, sights have been lowered. Short of money, the City Council has equipped itself with second-hand London double-deckers for the town, and old Green-line buses for the country routes, and Coventry City Council has helped by giving two very old steam-rollers as well.

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The guest who knows not a word of the language, and is royally entertained, is wise if he avoids reporting on social conditions. What I did get however, at Sarajevo, was an impression of the handful of partisans who are in charge. In their middle thirties, exuberantly keen and charmingly modest, they form a compact ruling *élite*, determined to ensure that here at least the dictatorship of the proletariat does not ossify into totalitarianism. I was impressed—no! touched is the word—by their freshness and sincerity. Possibly they are making a number of terrible mistakes. But what will save them from the corruption of power—of which Djilas gave warning in those articles which proved his undoing—is their passion for the classless society, and in particular for workers' control. They are genuinely determined that ordinary men and women shall have a chance to run their own lives, and thank heavens they are ready to sacrifice a great deal of efficiency in order to let them do so. I have often suspected that the people who are destroying Western Socialism as well as Russian Communism are the economists and technocrats, whose only test of success is the rate of productivity. In Sarajevo, I met Socialists who care more about creating a Socialist way of life in which men and women are their own masters, than they do about material success. Barmy? Perhaps. But how refreshing to find someone who knows what William Morris meant in *News from Nowhere* without even having read it!

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Worcester's mayor, Councillor Mrs. F. R. Ratcliffe, complained yesterday: "Schoolboys don't raise their caps to me. I was always taught to look up to my betters. I speak for all mayors."—*News Chronicle*. (P. Clough.)

Recently I saw a mayor wearing the chain of office, sitting in a beer tent on a fairground, eating fried chips out of a paper bag!—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (G. Binderman.)

The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Antony Head, said that the finest ambassador in the world today was the horse.—*Star*. (E. Swainson.)

Whenever there was trouble between Mr. and Mrs. —— they each talked to their cat, Pete. . . . "They were both very fond of it. When relations were strained they would each address the cat in order to appeal to the other for peace and harmony."—*News Chronicle*. (J. Barrow.)

But "Mr. Epic" [Sir Alexander Korda] bobbed back into the limelight when he went to Hollywood in 1941 to make "Lady Hamilton" with Vivien Leigh. Sir Winston Churchill saw it eight times. On each occasion it brought tears to his eyes. And the movie mogul was knighted the following year.—*Daily Mirror*. (J. Reger.)

NO ROOM IN THE TOMB

In Moscow's new Pantheon, commemorating the eternal glory of Stalin and Lenin, there are to be halls for the remains of the other outstanding leaders of the Soviet Union.—News item.

Who will rest till the crack of doom
  In the prize-winning Pantheon of Moscow?
Lodged in Stalin's and Lenin's tomb,
  What old comrades, embalmed, will go
To the simple shrine with the Stalin line,
    Everlasting and adamantine?
      The Soviet plan it
        Of lasting material,
      Basalt, porphyry or granite,
        Eternal, funereal.
For Little Fathers and their succeeders,
And for other outstanding historical leaders,
    Make plenty of room
In the permanent Pantheon of Moscow.

But when Stalin and Lenin have left Red Square,
  The old mausoleum of Moscow,
What other great founders their rest will share,
  Titans once in the Politburo?
Not there will rest Fascists confessed,
    Reptile parasites, spies of the West!
      So Yezhov was bumped off,
      Zinoviev laid off,
      Trotsky was cut off,
      Radek was paid off,
      Kamenev popped off,
      Bukharin lopped off,
The Old Guard hurried to execution,
In proof of permanent revolution—
    Their re-interment need not be feared
In the purified Pantheon of Moscow.

Lenin and Stalin will lie alone
  (They never got on well in Moscow)
Henceforth for ever together thrown,
  Father Lenin and Uncle Joe.
Halls high and wide on either side
    Eternally unoccupied!
      Embalmed survivals,
        Great Bolsheviki!
      For all their rivals
        The end was sticky!
(The nation knows that sacred area
Will never contain the remains of Beria)
    Marx, Lenin and Stalin will only be shown
In the prize-winning Pantheon of Moscow.

SAGITTARIUS

Youth and Church

IN January, I was present at a series of addresses given by the Bishop of Durham to Cambridge undergraduates. The University Church was packed for eight nights. On several occasions I had to stand. In May I went to Harringay to hear Billy Graham. The audience included hundreds of young people. A short while ago I crossed the Severn to address a youth rally organised by the Church in Wales. Raglan Castle, where it was held, is not easily accessible, but there was a large crowd. These three instances, each of which concerned a somewhat different social and educational group, are, I think, sufficiently typical to be regarded as illustrations of the renewed interest on the part of young people in religion. There is no large-scale "revival." People are not flocking to the churches. But the position is different from what it was twenty years ago when I began my ministry.

What is the explanation? Some of my friends on the Left have a straightforward answer—an escape from reality. When world affairs are complex and baffling, religion provides a convenient funk hole. There may be some truth in this. In an age of wars, rumours of war, iron curtains and hydrogen bombs, anæsthetics and insulators have their uses. And I must admit that some brands of Continental theology stimulate the desire. Man is depraved, the world is doomed, there is no hope on this side of the grave; so place your trust on a kingdom in the heavens, and on a Church that will guarantee a safe journey. But this is not an adequate explanation, and in many cases, perhaps the majority, it does not apply at all. It is true that young people are turning to religion because they are looking for a basis for personal and social living, and they embrace Christianity not because it extricates them from the tensions of life, but because, rightly or wrongly, it seems to give coherence to their experiences.

When I first became a curate in a depressed industrial parish, the conditions were bad—men unemployed, children badly clad, women with empty larders. The Left-wing orator then had an easy task, and his message was calculated to evoke a response. I often attended the enthusiastic meetings of the leagues of youth. Today the orators have disappeared and the leagues have written their obituary notices. These facts constitute the thorn in the flesh of most constituency headquarters. But we do not have to look far for their explanation. When social evil and injustice are apparent and whole families and districts suffer, the reformer can kindle zeal and initiate a crusade. Today there seems little left, on that particular level, about which to crusade. As I write, I have in my drawer a list of young men who used to belong to my unemployed club. Their condition was tragic—a mixture of poverty, despair and resentment. Although a few are now in other parts of England, or were killed in the war, I have kept in touch with several. They have left their tumbledown tenements for attractive housing estates. All are employed. When I call at their homes they are invariably well dressed and show me with pride their washing-machines and televisions. They show little political interest beyond recording their votes at a general election—and not always for the Labour candidate. If the politicians want to regain their enthusiasm, they must produce a programme which impinges upon their present situation.

Meanwhile the problems of personal relations and personal fulfilment remain. Although urgent material needs have been satisfied, there is often a vacuum at a deeper level. People no longer overwhelmed by poverty and want have the leisure to discover that the human animal cannot live by bread alone. It is easy to criticise Billy Graham, but men went to Harringay in the expectation that their needs would be met. The critics of this particular brand of Christianity, and of other brands, must suggest alternatives. The Leftist often recalls with nostalgia the crusading days of Spain and the United Front, but we cannot live on memories of the past. True, Christianity stakes everything on a particular occurrence on the hill of Calvary and the Easter garden, but the occurrence interprets and impinges upon the present and future. That is one reason for the strength of its appeal to this generation.

Another reason is the emphasis the religion of Jesus places upon the individual. Although I am an enthusiastic supporter of the Welfare State because it supplies the necessary machinery for a democratic society, it requires the lubricating oil of a philosophy of personalism. I have already referred to the members of my club who have moved to housing estates. They welcome their new conditions, but they regret the comradeship and sense of community they experienced in the old days. The teacher, doctor, and professional man who have experience and

knowledge to guide and develop community life arrive in the morning and leave when their job is done. The parson is usually the only one who lives on the spot. His house is accessible to his parishioners; he offers his friendship to anybody who wants it. A few weeks ago I visited two youth clubs. One was sponsored by the local authority. The helpers, who came from all parts of the city, arrived at seven and disappeared at nine. Some of them told me they had taken on sessional work for a couple of years as they needed extra money. I make no complaint at that. But it stands to reason they cannot become part and parcel of the estate. How different was the club in the church hut. The equipment was not nearly as good and the building was inferior, but there was a family spirit. The parson knew the members by their Christian names and he obviously cared for them as persons.

I am not suggesting that Churchmen are alone in giving priority to human beings—my work as a city councillor suggests the contrary; there are hundreds of people with no religious convictions serving the community—but the churches as organisations are providing leadership, guidance and friendship on our vast estates. We hear a lot about delinquents and Teddy Boys; we forget the thousands in every age group who are discovering community within the fellowship of the Christian Church. Of course, not every church and chapel is equally alive. Some fail hopelessly. But by and large they are doing infinitely more to fashion community life and to meet the needs of people than formerly. Because of this it is not surprising they are attracting recruits.

So far as the educated classes are concerned it is difficult to pass judgment. At Oxford and Cambridge religion has become "fashionable," but I am in no position to say what happens to undergraduates when they leave the university. It can, however, be safely said that many thoughtful people are reconsidering the claims of Christianity and, in some instances, are joining the Church. Although there is still a chasm between the scientific and religious outlooks, some bridges have appeared. I can only speak for the Church of England. We still have our fundamentalist die-hards who never tire in their pursuit of Darwin's ghost, but they constitute an insignificant and pathetic minority. On the whole, there has been a definite change in our doctrinal approach. We hold fast to the creeds, but, although we will not go as far as the late Dr. Barnes, we try, when interpreting them, to take into account the proved findings of scientific and psychological inquiry. The formidable obstacles that faced the intelligent seeker after truth at the beginning of the century have largely disappeared. If a man wants a religious basis for life—and experience suggests that the number is on the increase—it is easier for him to find it inside the Church than it used to be.

As a convinced Christian I naturally welcome the re-emergence of religious faith. I believe it is essential for an integrated life. And I am glad that the Church, although is too often backward looking and identified with an outmoded form of society, is becoming aware of its opportunities to serve the community and to meet the needs of people at the deepest levels. But it is foolish to exaggerate and to claim too much. In recent years there has been a turn of the tide. It is only a turn. Whether or not it will eventually penetrate the shores of contemporary society remains to be seen.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD

Scotch

OVER Ben Rinnes, from whose windy summit one may survey the valleys of Spey, Livet and Fiddich—heartland of Highland malt distilling—a little cloud seemed to me to be gathering in the economic sky. No bigger, perhaps, than a man's hand: there is still "money in whisky"—lots of it. But when, touring Scottish distilleries, I reached Rothes, on Speyside, I found the President of the Pot Still Malt Distillers' Association busy with an architect; he wanted an additional duty-free warehouse built—and built quick. The suggestion that storage is becoming a problem was confirmed by all I saw in the North and in Islay; and a little arithmetic, at fourth-form level, proves the point. By 1945, through war-time restrictions on distilling, stocks of Scotch whisky had fallen to 85 million (original) Proof gallons, against 144 m. in 1939. From 1949 onwards, production has once more been "normal": in 1952 it reached 30 m. gallons (about the pre-war level), falling to 27 m. in 1953. But though annual exports have climbed steadily in 1949-53 from 8 m. to nearly 12 m. gallons, post-war home consumption even now, with quotas removed, remains around the 4 m. gallon mark; and stocks, last winter, stood at 146 m. Proof gallons. Unless sales can be substantially increased at home or abroad, an over-production crisis lies ahead: output cannot continue long at nearly double the rate of home consumption and exports combined.

In assessing the future, account must be taken of two depressing factors. So far as the home market is concerned, whisky which retails for 35s. per bottle (one-sixth of a gallon, 70° Proof), and this is the price of what I should call "minimum standard" whisky, is largely "priced out of consumption." But of that price, 24s. 7d. represents duty; the margin of 10s. 5d. (comparable with just over 4s. in 1938) has to cover not only manufacturing costs—say, 2s.—but those of long storage in cask, with "ullage" loss by evaporation, as well as all the costs of transport, bottling and selling. The commercial policy of the industry today is dominated by the immensely powerful Distillers Company, Ltd.; but even if D.C.L. could see its way to cut the whole "margin" by 10 per cent., would much more whisky be drunk in Britain at 34s. a bottle? I doubt it. Yet he would be a very sanguine distiller who expected the Chancellor to go far, these days, to reverse the process which, in half a century, has carried whisky duty from 11s. to nearly 211s. per gallon. Wars have to be paid for—not only in blood.

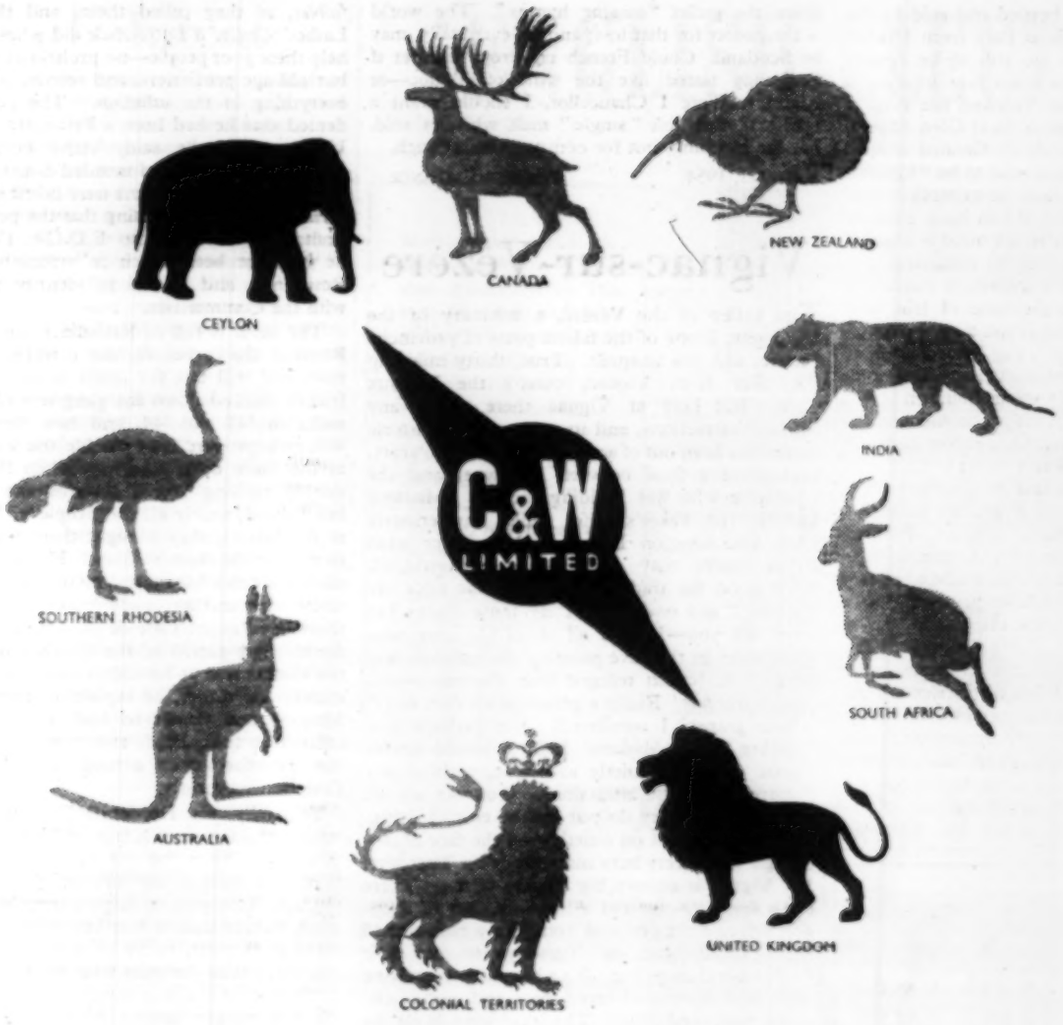
The second factor is more complex, and calls for a little excursion into history. The whisky which Scots made and drank when Will Dunbar was penning his *Lament* was distilled from a mash consisting entirely of malted barley. So it continued, through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—sma' 'stilling, mainly for local use—till Culloden brought the Hanoverian "gaugers" to collect excise duty. There followed long years of illicit distilling and battles between excisemen and smugglers trafficking across the Highland Line, with Burns denouncing the loss of Ferintosh and "thae cursed horse-leeches o' th' Excise." Finally, in 1823, at the instance of the Duke of Gordon, an Act was passed which sanctioned legal distilling on payment of £10 for licence and a duty of 2s. 3d. per Proof gallon. It is recorded that the first licence was taken out by George Smith of Upper Drumin, a prosperous farmer-smuggler; defying taunts of "blackleg" and even armed assault from his former companions, he boldly established "The Glenlivet Distillery"—still famous and flourishing—within the law. Others followed, the clan Grant at their

head; and by the mid-century the area between Ness and Deveron had become the centre of a substantial industry, with off-shoots in the Lowlands, the Islands and Kintyre—still catering predominantly for Scottish consumption and still employing exclusively a pure malt mash and the pot still. But by that time a new, ill-omened name crops up—that of Aeneas Coffey, patentee of the "continuous" still.

Encyclopædias give long, technical descriptions of the patent-still. For my purpose it is enough to quote Mr. Neil Gunn's admirable *Whisky and Scotland*: "A patent-still is an affair of two tall columns, heated by steam, into which wash is poured at one end and out of which practically pure alcohol pours at the other." Rapid, economic and operable in any locality in the world, the patent-still lent itself to mass production of spirit from any sort of unmalted grain—spirit that had no special characteristics of taste, but matured rapidly and could satisfy cheaply (until the Treasury's demands became exorbitant) crude demands for "a shot."

Very different were, and are, the process and product of the pot still. The first stages are akin to those familiar in brewing—except that the steeped and germinated barley is kilned over a fire of peat mixed with coke. The "wash" is heated to boiling point in the "wash-still," a huge copper cauldron with a narrowing, bent "swan" neck through which the vapour passes into the "worm"—a coil of copper piping immersed in a tank—where it is cooled into liquid form. This distillate—so-called "low wines"—now passes into a smaller similarly designed, "spirit-still," and is revaporised. The raw first runs from this still, known as "foreshots," are diverted into a special receiver. Then acceptable whisky begins to flow, at 25°-30° over Proof; it is allowed to run usually until the strength is down to somewhere between 10° and 5° over Proof. After that, come "feints" which, together with the "foreshots," are returned to blend with a fresh charge of "low wines." A simple process, which anybody can try out with the aid of an obliging and unlawfully-minded plumber if he has the patience to mature his product (broken down with spring water to 11° over Proof) for 5-15 years in a sherry cask. But the result will probably not be a "great" malt whisky. For reasons which it is impossible to fathom, the products of pot stills in the Highlands themselves—all using much the same techniques and barleys, and sometimes (one would say) almost identical water—differ widely in range, from the fair to the superlative.

My point, however, is that through slow "cooking" and the retention of secondary products beside ethyl alcohol in the final distillate, pot-still malt whisky has a "character" completely lacking in the rectified product of the patent-still, for which, indeed, Scotland in Coffey's day had no appetite. The commercial solution was found in blending grain whisky with a mixture of distinctive malts—a skilful job, begun about 1860, which resulted in brands which could be advertised and sold as unvarying in taste and quality. It was in the heyday from 1880 until World War I, when first the English, then the world market was captured, that the "great names" of blended whiskies were created, and the great whisky fortunes made. All that has happened since has been, in essence, the integration of most of the industry in one huge selling combine, and the virtual disappearance from the retail market of "single" malt whiskies, almost all of which are now made for blending. Here and there, north of the Border, you may find a wine merchant who bottles the nectars of Glenlivet, Glen Grant or Macallan-Glenlivet; fine Glen



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Fiddich, exceptionally, is bottled and sold by the distillery; and both Highland Park from Orkney and one good Islay malt are still to be bought "single." But I should not know how to unearth in Skye a bottle of celestial Talisker, nor even in Inverness a bottle of glorious local Glen Mohr.

Now I have no wish to decry blended whisky. It is a serviceable drink; it is said to be "lighter" and more suitable for urban consumption than pure malt; and, at its best, it can have pleasing qualities. The doubt I have in my mind is whether it is sufficiently characteristic to command permanent pride of place in a market of consumers who have never learned the taste of true malt whisky. The United States is still a good (indeed, growing) buyer of "Scotch"; but immensely more impressive is North America's increasing consumption of domestic grain spirit, Bourbon or rye. And why not—if all you want is a non-committal whisky as a base for an iced high-ball or cocktail?

Therein, I think, lies the real threat to Scotland's main exporting industry; and in this view I but follow earlier warnings of a greater authority, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart (*Scotch*, Putnam, 1951). The decision of the Royal Commission in 1909 that "whisky" need not be made of malted barley, or even manufactured in Scotland, was a sorry, undeserved blow to the Highlands, and its eventual consequences may be disastrous. The great Distillers Company, with its control of most of the hundred existing Scots distilleries, its immense financial resources and its powerful selling organisation, has undoubtedly rationalised and, in a capitalist sense, "strengthened" the industry. But it has done so at a cost: the world has virtually lost knowledge of the grand *marques* of true whisky, which—can you come by them—go down the gullet "singing hymns." The world is the poorer for that loss; and so, eventually, may be Scotland. Could French *vignerons* prosper if Burgundy tasted like the wine of Médoc—or Algeria? Were I Chancellor, I should grant a rebate of duty on "single" malt whiskies sold, not for blending, but for consumption as such.

Rothes, 1954. AYLMER VALLANCE

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Vignac-sur-Vézère

THE valley of the Vézère, a tributary of the Dordogne, is one of the fairest parts of provincial France, and still unspoilt. True, thirty miles up the river from Vignac, there's the Lascaux Cave. But here at Vignac there aren't any *Michelin* attractions, and its one great prehistoric cavern has been out of action for the last two years, because of a feud between its owner and the contractor who was building the lift. Madame Laffitte, the baker's wife, smiles mysteriously when you mention Lascaux. No matter what archaeologists may say, she is unconvinced. "It's good for trade, of course," she once remarked; "and one mustn't say these things but I can tell you—I knew all about the chap who spent years in the cave painting his buffaloes and things. A Jewish refugee from Germany—*oui, un type très fort!* Really a genius in his own way."

Sour grapes? I wondered. But perhaps not. I rather think Madame Laffitte would prefer Vignac to go on quietly as before, without any "starred" tourist attractions. Tourists are all very well, but they do put up the cost of living. And here life goes on quietly—on the face of it—though with a very busy market day on Tuesdays. For Vignac is quite a big trading centre. There are a few artisans, and a large number of shopkeepers, and the peasants from over a radius of 15 miles come here on Tuesdays to do their business and shopping. It's a big tobacco-growing area, and they also breed pigs and geese, and make renowned *pâtés*. The local wine is on the thin side, and the better-class cafés have their *ordinaire* brought from the Lot. There are three hotels here, which thrive chiefly on their *apéritif* trade; only in August are their rooms booked up.

Peaceful little Vignac with its 2,000 inhabitants! One would think, on the face of it, that nothing much had changed here in the last two hundred years. True, the Grande Rue, with a few lovely 18th century houses, is now a grubby, smelly sidestreet, swarming with unwashed, ill-clad children and with a lot of very old people sitting on their doorsteps; but M. de Saint-Loup, the insurance agent, who is 82, claims to remember the days when the stage coaches from Toulouse to Périgueux would rattle down the Grande Rue. They tell you that M. de Saint-Loup was a real lad in his day; but now he spends most of his days at the Café de l'Union playing *belote* with his cronies, sipping his sweet Monbazillac.

The young people are mostly rough and noisy, and assemble at the Café des Sports, which is much noisier and less respectable than the Café de l'Union. But, on the whole, the town is quiet and respectable. The curé tells you that they are, with few exceptions, all good Catholics; they all get christened and married and buried by the Church, and one-third, or almost one-third, are proper *pratiquants*. Unfortunately, the curé said, there was no *école libre* at Vignac; accordingly, a lot of the wealthier people liked to send their children to the Jesuit College at Périgueux. The poor, of course, had no choice. Oh yes, said the curé, there were quite a number of poor people at Vignac, *les économiquement faibles*, as they called them; and the Catholic Ladies' *Comité d'Entre-Aide* did what it could to help these poor people—no proletariat to speak of, but old-age pensioners, and *rentiers* who had lost everything in the inflation. The curé scarcely denied that he had been a Pétainiste in the past. Unfortunately, he said, Vichy became unreal once the Germans had invaded Southern France; and in 1944 the Germans *were* horrible—*des vrais gorilles*. Was it surprising that the people should hesitate to subscribe to E.D.C.? For all that, he had not been much in sympathy with the Resistance, and tended to identify the Maquis with the Communists.

The town is full of Resistance memories. M. Roussin, the carpenter, was a terrific Resistance man, and will talk for hours of how he and his friends tracked down the gangsters of Darnand's *milice* in '43 and '44, and how three of these *milice* chaps were shot outside the war memorial in the Place de la Mairie. When the Germans started rushing North towards the Normandy beach-head, nearly all the people of Vignac took to the forests; they thought there would be hell to pay for the three *miliciens*. However, the Germans were in a hurry, and merely drank up all the white wine and lemonade (that's all there was in those days) at the Café de l'Union, and even paid for it. The *patron* of the Union didn't care for the Germans, but he didn't care for the Maquis either. Or rather, he explained, there were two Maquis: one wasn't so bad, they had regular officers at their head, and they paid in bonds; but the others were a rough crowd, a bunch of Communists mostly.

Politically, the Dordogne Department is very mixed, and the same is true of Vignac. Temperamentally, it is in the old Radical-Socialist tradition; but people are not much interested in politics. Life goes on fairly normally, though it's much harder than it was before the war, and, to make ends meet, many have to do not one, but two jobs; thus the man who drives the mail bus to the station is also a tailor in his spare time, and the ironmonger has to do various jobs for a building contractor, while his wife is left to look after the shop. The town council has a Radical-Socialist majority, but that means nothing, because all they ever discuss is drains and *chemins vicinaux*.

Yet, the day Mendès-France announced his programme, there was a real stir at Vignac. The papers were sold out in no time. For days I had heard people talk of the two Laval sons. They were the two sons of a retired schoolmaster at Vignac; the first one had been killed in Indo-China last year, and now the second one had been killed, too. Madame Rouault, the *patronne* of the biggest grocer's shop, was in a panic for days. One of her young sons was now doing his military service, and did I think that "that little horror Bidault" would start sending *ordinary* troops there? Just look at the Laval family! It would kill them both, the father and the mother. Two sons—and such lovely boys, too, and both dead—and what for?

Mendès-France represents a hope, though perhaps only a faint hope, that the war in Indo-China will end soon. At the moment Vignac is optimistic. People feel that the ice has been broken; whatever happens to Mendès-France, nobody, it is thought, will *dare* go back on his promise to end the war in Indo-China; even if he fails, others will have to try again and again and again. As the *marxisant* schoolmaster at Vignac remarked one day: "Of course, this isn't a Socialist government; but at long last the *intelligent* part of the bourgeoisie have taken over."

ALEXANDER WERTH

With Intent

THERE exists in this country a large number of people who, for varying reasons, take a personal interest in the welfare and re-employment of discharged prisoners. No one knows how many there are: they work unobtrusively, largely unknown to each other, and beyond the reach of the statistician. But they do a prodigious amount of telephoning and letter-writing, plaguing their friends on behalf of men and women trying to make their way back into law-abiding society; and most ex-prisoners now in regular jobs would tell you, I believe, if you could ask them, that they are there through the efforts of some such person, rather than as a result of anything that the official agencies have been able to do.

Their many successes are nevertheless unavoidably credited to the official agencies, and without them the Annual Reports of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, the Central After-Care Association, and the Prison Commissioners would be less encouraging reading than they usually are. If they could express a collective wish, I believe these unacknowledged social workers would ask that the large and growing units to which they must address their entreaties today, the combines and the boards and the trade unions, could display more humanity in their attitude to this problem. But if they could express a collective hate, it would be for the law relating to the arrest of "suspected persons loitering"—which, in recent years, has become a tyranny of expediency.

"I have never understood," a French lawyer said to me recently, "how you British can be so proud of your criminal law in its treatment of the individual. I do not know any other advanced country where it is a criminal offence merely to be suspected or to be 'found' somewhere." He was referring, in the main, to section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, under which, as amended in 1891, a "suspected person or reputed thief" is liable to three months' imprisonment if he is seen (by anyone, policeman or private citizen)

> frequenting or loitering about or in any . . . place of public resort or any avenue leading thereto, or any street, or any highway, or any place adjacent to a street or highway, with intent to commit a felony.

How do you know that his intention is to commit a felony? This used to be difficult. If you waited long enough for his intention to become plain, you gave him the chance to *attempt* the actual commission of a felony (e.g., to try to pick someone's pocket), you would have to charge him accordingly, and he would have the normal right to be presumed innocent until you had proved him guilty—to say nothing of the right to be tried by a jury. So in 1871 a "Prevention of Crimes Act" ordained that

> in proving such intent it shall not be necessary to show that the person suspected was guilty of any particular act or acts tending to show his purpose or intent; he may be convicted if, from the circumstances of the case *and from his known character as proved* to the Justices, it appears that his intent was to commit a felony.

Since 1871, therefore, an ex-prisoner has been liable to arrest for being an ex-prisoner, whenever he has been seen close enough to an opportunity to be capable of falling for it. But the Courts would never have this. It was never possible, in practice, to charge a man as a suspected person or reputed thief, and then prove his "intention" to commit a felony merely by giving evidence about his past and showing that he was seen standing near a counter in Woolworth's. And so it remained until 1936, when the Court of Appeal, comprising a group of Lords Justices who stood far above the struggle and ruck of petty crime,

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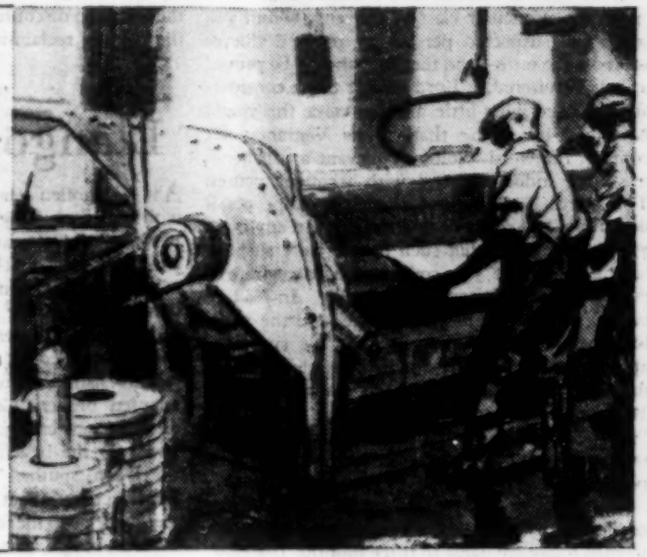

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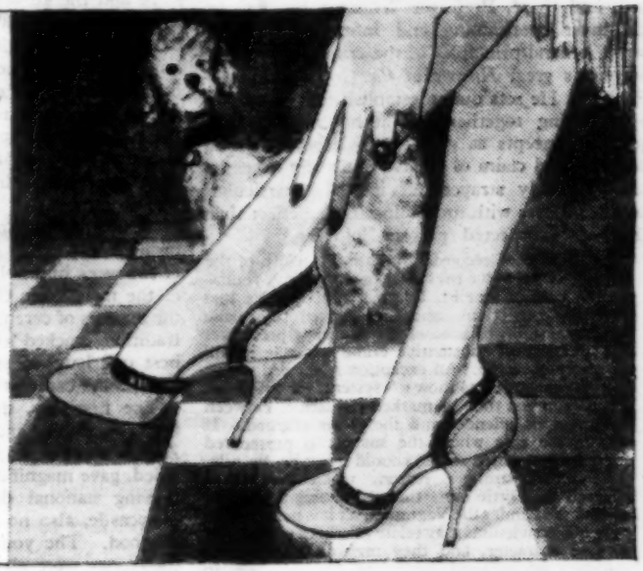

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considered the entire history of "suspected persons" and the practice of "loitering," in a case (*Ledwith v. Roberts*) that had reached their unaccustomed ears as an action against the police for wrongful arrest.

The result was curious. Their Lordships decided that this Vagrancy Act offence of loitering in order to steal was one that could be committed only by a particular class of citizens, whom you could call suspected persons or reputed thieves according to taste—and that they should be proved to have "loitered." Lord Justice Scott considerably reduced what little modern value this might have had by saying that, in its Vagrancy Act context, the word "loiterer" meant a vagabond, travelling indolently and with frequent pauses. The word, he said, and the class of people it described, had really ceased to exist. In any event you had to prove that such people were suspects or thieves before you could ask a Magistrate to punish them for loitering nefariously. In *Ledwith v. Roberts* this had not been done, and the police lost the day. This was fine for the successful appellants, but it firmly established at last the very method of proof that had been made possible in 1871 but always frowned on by the Magistrates. "Suspected person" trials thenceforth *began* with evidence of the prisoner's previous convictions. They still do.

This strange aberration of the "presumption of innocence," under which thousands of men and women today are liable to three months' imprisonment for being seen near a car, is one of many problems of modern criminal law dealt with in a monumental new work by Dr. Glanville Williams, Quain Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of London.* Approaching the great corpus of judicial case law without undue reverence, and allowing himself a nicely caustic parenthesis here and there, Professor Williams has written the most entertaining and informative review of the general principles of the criminal law since Stephen's great *History of the Criminal Law of England*. He sets out to establish root principles by bringing together the authorities on such general concepts as guilty knowledge, intent to defraud, and claim of right. But many times he has inevitably strayed off into the particular, and in no case with more illuminating effect than that of "suspected persons loitering."

> What does need reconsideration is the width of the permission to prove previous convictions. A fundamental rule of English criminal procedure is that previous convictions cannot be proved before the finding of guilt, because of the danger of prejudice. On a charge of substantive crime this rule is still generally observed. An exception is allowed where the previous offences show a "system" or tendency, but there must then be marked similarities between the previous offences and the crime charged. If this is the rule where the suspect is prosecuted for a consummated crime, should it not be the rule, with much stronger reason, where he stands charged with little more than possessing a criminal intent? Yet under the Vagrancy Act it is not so. The previous convictions may relate to crimes of the most diverse character, and they may all be taken as evidence of criminal intent on the occasion in question, though the prosecution fails to show that the defendant did any act in breach of the law. *It is only too easy, with a knowledge of his perhaps worthless character, to read a sinister purpose into conduct that in fact was aimless.*

The italics are mine. It is within my knowledge that men have gone to prison for looking "aimless." Unknown thousands are arrested for it, to be released after a quasi-judicial inquiry at a police station—or discharged by sceptical Magistrates. The loitering thief is a pest in the streets, and the law should not be hamstrung if it tries to deal with him "preventively," i.e., before he has stolen. But an accident of phrasing and interpretation has in this instance created a class of English outlaws, presumed guilty from the moment of accusation, punishable (even if guilty) with uselessly short terms of imprisonment, deprived of any right to trial by jury, and frequently confirmed in crime by the seeming injustice of the conviction. No other aspect of the law is so discouraging to those trying to empty the jails by reclaiming the criminal.

C. H. ROLPH

* *Criminal Law: The General Part.* Stevens & Sons. *£3 3s. 0d.*

Llangollen, 1954

AT Llangollen station, arriving coincidentally with a French ballet company who were dressed like a savage caricature of a French ballet company, we had that most pleasurable of experiences: being mistaken for people of another nationality. Eager interpreters surrounding us proved how "International" the Eisteddfod of Music has become. The temptation to "act up" was irresistible. For the benefit of Americans we adopted broken, Central European accents. In oilskin macs, camera slung from the shoulder, we were, for the benefit of the natives, new in from the Deep South. To the English we spoke an imperfect but effective Welsh. For the first three days we gave the autograph-hunters, who stood at everybody's shoulder, the excitement of rare names (Ugrne Znjgryzje, Brno; Hiram K. Wimbaker, Seattle; Calvin Herod Thomas, Twll Mawr), until the itch to sign one's real name grew too strong.

The Eisteddfod was held in a marquee which accommodated eight thousand people. Because of the flowers banked extravagantly around the stage and the grass underfoot, it had the aura of a horticultural show, and because of the preponderance and ecstatic applause of women, some knitting, among the vast audience, it was all a little like a Conservative Party rally. From a platform in the corner two television cameras covered the stage like streamlined two-pounders. Among the press sat a small old lady in Welsh costume who publishes, edits and writes a Llangollen weekly newspaper. The town has a population of 2,500; her newspaper sells 4,000 copies. She brought off, in the context, the journalistic coup of the week by publishing the complete set-pieces of the male voice choral competition. On stage, the masters of ceremonies, in the best Eisteddfodic tradition, cracked jokes between items. With the best one laughed and was glad; with the worst wished the cameras were more effectively loaded.

The first day, the folk-day, was seldom less than charming and sometimes exciting. The Zagreb group, for instance, hand-picked, State-aided, gave magnificent performances of wild and moving national dances; the Morrismen from Newcastle, also no simple villagers, were almost as good. The young choirs singing "genuine" folk-songs were all delightful. It was no strain, that day, to stay in the marquee from nine in the morning until ten at night, taking, like cricketers, breaks for meals. And all the time we, the lucky eight thousand, were inside, there were 25,000 in the field outside and thousands more in the town, on the canal, on the bridge over the Dee, in every hotel bar, on every street corner, staring, as they stared all the week, at each other. Driving through the town was like driving through cattle with a death-wish.

One day, at 1223 hours, as the first Ladies' Choir was leaving the stage, we left the marquee, shook hands with a bunch of Ukranians from Manchester, met a crowd of trippers who grumbled about the lunch they'd eaten, cheered them with a few Italian autographs, narrowly escaped detection by an ex-Army corporal, listened outside the gates to a loudspeaker battle between a Catholic and an Evangelist, crossed the bridge over the canal, paid for putters and golf balls, teed-up and were away. By 1500 hours we were playing a lot better, going round in 21. A little later we were put off our game by four very drunk men from Liverpool who came on to the green giggling and striking matches. They were soon tearing up the turf and singing "Cross Over the Bridge," and seemed set until one of them developed a maniac tendency to hit every ball in sight into the canal before he collapsed, so that his friends had to pay four shillings extra.

At 1600 hours a middle-aged woman who, in company with seventeen others of her own age and weight, had been watching us from the edge of the green, detached herself from them and came up to us. She said, very aggressively, that she thought we were very silly, very silly indeed to leave our camera on that seat over there. We fought down our first, cowardly reaction to thank her and run to pick it up. "Maam," I said, "mind your own goddam business." When she had understood and had retreated, ourselves limbering up, practising our shots, we heard the clucks of sympathy and distaste. Heard them against a background of wavering sopranos singing Welsh airs in the canal-barge, and the Ladies' Choirs loud and clear over the marquee loudspeakers and then applause, over the loudspeakers, like a great sea sucking back over pebbles as big as rocks. Rarely can the world have been so full of the sound of women.

At 1730 hours we returned to the field where the eighteenth and last choir was singing, and then waited for the adjudication. The adjudicators had borne it all; no doubt they enjoyed it. Theirs is a strange and well-paid life; there is, it seems, no end to the festivals that need adjudicators. Adjudicators go for a month to Hong Kong or several months to the West Indies and who knows where else. In Wales, where everybody knows everybody and meets him at the Eisteddfod, the peregrinating adjudicator is as respected and feared as another kind of judge on circuit. Who can live up to this role? Golden-tongued, the adjudicator needs to be, free of any taint of corruption; must know a lot about music, have the constitution of a horse and like hotel life. Any evening they may be seen by the elect in the best lounge of the best hotel, the day's quips and brutal seeking-out of disharmony behind them, telling the unheard Beecham story or of the shortcomings of Ted and Bill and wondering whose round it is.

The Llangollen Eisteddfod, which, after the first day, becomes much like any other Eisteddfod, is the direct result of the enthusiasm of a few people for music, dancing and some force which will help international good will. A handful of people—one can examine the growth carefully and appreciate the power of the B.B.C. and the newspapers—have created in eight years something which has attracted 140,000 people to a very small town among the green hills of Wales for a few days early in July. The place looks as if the World Cup football matches are taking place there, not an event devoted to folk-dancing and the music of Wilbey, Bach, Hugo Wolf, Bartok, even Hindemith. What is equally remarkable about the Eisteddfod is the way in which it shows how, throughout the country, small numbers of people are all the time creating new choirs, are able still to exercise individual influence on people. There seems to be no way for anyone to find the place unenjoyable.

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The Arts and Entertainment

TWO FESTIVALS

It seems to be a widely held view that a musical festival without opera is like an egg without salt, and only a few, such as those organised by Casals at Prades and Perpignan, confine themselves strictly to instrumental music. But pity the poor impresario! To find singers of festival rank is hard enough; still worse is the choice of operas. Mozart—that is the name which occurs to every one when a festival is mentioned; alas, he only wrote half-a-dozen practicable operas, and with Salzburg, Munich, Glyndebourne and Aix already in possession of these, even the most conservative festival organiser is forced to look farther afield.

This June, for the second year in succession, Zurich has devoted the operatic part of its *Festwochen* wholly to Richard Strauss. Since the composer's death, there has been a marked increase in the popularity of his less familiar operas: *Ariadne* has become almost a repertory work; in Vienna the domestic comedy *Intermezzo* has scored a great success; while Kassel has revived *Die schweigsame Frau*, the Ben Jonson opera written in collaboration with Stefan Zweig which has taken a long while to recover from its initial setback caused by Nazi disfavour. The Zurich programme consisted of *Der Rosenkavalier, Arabella, Salome* (with a reputedly brilliant new protagonist in Paula Brivkalne), *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and *Capriccio;* of these I was able to hear the last two. *Die Frau ohne Schatten* is the most ambitious of all the Strauss-Hofmannsthal collaborations: a romantic, Oriental, magical, mystical fable linked to *Die Zauberflöte* by its scenes of supernatural trials and initiations into spiritual life, but saddled with a more complex theme. Indeed, the complexity of the action is one reason why we so seldom hear this long score, which contains some of Strauss's richest musical inventions (Tovey declared it to be the finest of his operas): it demands more preliminary effort than most opera-goers are willing to undertake. Moreover, for all the variety and brilliant colour of the music, there is a lack of those instantly memorable themes or progressions which characterise the leading persons of Strauss's supreme operas and symphonic poems—whether Sancho Panza or Don Juan, Agamemnon or the Marschallin. Besides, *Die Frau ohne Schatten* is an opera which taxes the musical and scenic resources of the largest houses. The Zurich Stadttheater gave a very adequate account of the difficult work, and for the mezzo-soprano role of the Mephistophelean Nurse (the most striking character in the opera) they cast a fine young American singer named Grace Hoffman, of whom we are likely to hear more.

Capriccio, on the other hand, is ideally suited to a theatre of this size; and Karl Elmendorff conducted a performance good enough to reveal the work as a consummate little masterpiece. A point which would have particularly pleased Strauss was the almost complete audibility of Clemens Krauss's witty text (except, of course, in the two big ensembles). In this last stage-work of the old composer, the actual musical material may be hardly more fresh than in several of its predecessors; but the handling is of a perfection and subtlety which defy criticism. How strange it is that Richard Strauss, a genial and not especially polished Bavarian bourgeois, should have developed a musical conversational style of so exquisite a refinement and nuance! The rapid talk of *Capriccio,* the swift transitions from gaiety to sentiment, are reflected in the delicate dip and curve of the vocal line; we have here the final distillation of an utterly original art which Strauss first explored in the scenes between Oktavian and the Marschallin. In the interpretation of the Countess by Lisa della Casa not one of these superfine inflections was missing: this was a performance of the same calibre as those memorable Strauss impersonations given in the last generation by Elisabeth Schumann and Lotte Lehmann, and today by Sena Jurinac in *Ariadne auf Naxos.*

The Holland Festival rightly prides itself on variety and enterprise. The splendid Concertgebouw Orchestra naturally holds each year a central place in the scheme; this year, besides theatrical companies from Paris and Vienna and our own Sadler's Wells Ballet, the programme has included performances of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* by the company of La Scala, Milan. It was an odd coincidence that the sets and costumes for this recent Italian production should have taken their inspiration from Holland. Don Magnifico's kitchen might have been furnished from the studio of Vermeer, and his daughters attended the Prince's party in starched ruffs and conical hats. The designer, Franco Zeffirelli, was also responsible for the production, which was pleasantly robust but inclined to be obviously repetitive. The opera was excellently cast and rehearsed, though the singers were occasionally submerged by Carlo Giulini's orchestral accompaniment. In one respect La Scala was comfortably ahead of Glyndebourne. Since the days of Conchita Supervia there has been no exponent of Rossini's difficult and fascinating mezzo-soprano heroines with a vocal and dramatic personality comparable to that of Giulietta Simionato: the final scene, in which she stepped forward to confide her "Non più mesta" to the audience, was wholly captivating.

During the last few years, Holland has devoted much attention to Janacek, and a leading attraction of the 1954 Festival was his last work, the posthumous opera based on and named after Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead.* Janacek became ever bolder with the passing years, and there can be few stranger operas than this. It is hard to think of another composer who could have welded into musical and dramatic unity these disconnected episodes from Dostoevsky's sketches of convict life in Siberia. In each of the three acts scenes of violence and rough humour alternate with narratives of the past, not always quite coherent but strongly tinged with lyrical feeling, from the individual prisoners. Such a scheme produces no plot in the usual sense of the word; but the opera is given a sort of structure by the arrival of a political prisoner of gentle birth at the beginning and his departure at the end, to the sound of a great pæan to liberty from the other prisoners; the central act is largely occupied by grotesque improvised theatricals.

At the head of the score Janacek wrote: "In every creature a divine spark"; and those who know his other music can imagine how he has illuminated the squalid prison world with sudden meltingly lyrical outbursts. There is a steady growth of emotional tension, and the opera reaches its climax in a long and moving scene in the prison hospital. Under Alexander Kranhals, the Netherlands Opera achieved a remarkably fine performance of this difficult work, which is almost wholly confined to male voices; like the Sadler's Wells *Katya Kabanova,* it generated enough theatrical and atmospheric power to transcend the unfamiliarity of the musical idiom. A wonderful impersonation came from Zbyslaw Wozniak as Skuratov, a sort of Slavonic Joxer Daly, with his shuffling sidelong gait and his habit of bursting into inappropriate scraps of song and dance; yet Skuratov too, is allowed his moment of lyrical grace and beauty. In every creature, even in this ramshackle clown, a divine spark.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A NUDE AND REFLECTIONS

First, a superb new painting: a nude by Josef Herman at Roland, Browse and Delbanco. The canvas is upright and about three feet high. The reclining figure is radically foreshortened with her feet towards the spectator. The tonal scheme is dark and the colour—Venetian red, deep blue and the body itself earth-coloured—is rich, owing much of its depth to under-painting. Part of the power of the picture is due to the fact that, despite the foreshortening, the body forms an unbroken shape (rather like that of a prow of a squat fishing boat) on the surface of the canvas. The perspective is achieved without such dramatic juxtapositions as, say, a foot being seen in front of a breast, and without strong tonal contrasts. She simply lies back heavily but slowly. Her legs come forward and her torso recedes to her arms raised either side of her face, her hands under her head. The centre of the picture is her curved stomach which is magnificently established in space. The drawing is so strong that even the almost gold light catching the crest of it, does not bring it an inch too far forward. The complicated forms of each leg, eliding with one another within their bounding contours, fold round their energy so firmly that the eye travels from heel to hip with the continuity of one of her own strides were she walking. But apart from its skill and power as a work in itself, this painting is also significant in Herman's general development as an artist. Until now he has dealt with oppression, endurance, the weight of labour. This picture, although it is stylistically quite consistent with the others, celebrates pleasure.

The rest of the mixed exhibition at the same gallery includes a fine small landscape by Roger de la Fresnaye and an interesting self-portrait by Gaudier-Brzeska. There is also a painting of a head, somewhat in the manner of Brzeska, by Philip Sutton, a young painter of considerable talent.

The 50 canvasses by Monet at the Marlborough Galleries should help to modify the popular idea that Monet was a heartless painter—"Monet was just an eye—but what an eye." I believe that one of the clues to understanding Monet lies in the profound fascination that water held for him—something that was far deeper than his much acclaimed interest in Impressionist light. He spent his childhood in Le Havre. His early pictures were influenced by Boudin whom he met there. Later he learnt a great deal from Jongkind—a sea

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painter if ever there was one. Huysmans said that Monet's sea pictures were the truest he had ever seen. Monet himself said that when he died he wanted to be buried in a buoy. The last twenty years of his life he spent gazing into a lily pond trying to paint what he saw there—"Clear water with grass waving at the bottom. It is wonderful to look at, but to try to paint it is enough to make one insane." All these facts suggest how much water dominated Monet's vision.

Indeed, as soon as he found himself as an artist, he either painted the actual movement of water itself, or he painted landscapes exactly as though they were reflections in water. Imagine placing a Monet landscape on the floor and then looking down into it and this becomes clear. Although outwardly Monet made every effort possible to be objective and to tie each picture to a particular place and time, the impetus of his vision was really as subjective as Debussy's in, for instance, *Reflets dans l'eau*. Monet is often compared to Turner, but it would be far more accurate to compare him to Claude. For Claude the reflections were golden: for Monet they were prismatic. Whether a painting by Monet is good or bad depends very largely on how near he was to his subject. A reflection seen too close becomes incoherent. Or to put it another way, all views of Arcadia must be distant views.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE thing about the hen is that it does not cackle till it has laid the egg. Herein the hen differs from and is wiser than the B.B.C. If the B.B.C. had been more moderate in its claims, less strident in its advance publicity, it would have been spared much of the universally hostile criticism which has greeted *Television News and Newsreel*. We were all led to expect far too much. "The inauguration of the new programme," wrote the editor of the B.B.C. News Division in the *Radio Times*, "will begin a service of the greatest significance in the progress of television in the United Kingdom," words, one would have thought, worth a dollar apiece. He added that before the first programme went on the screen there had been "a four-week period of trial runs." This, when we actually saw the programmes, could have only one result: greatly to strengthen the suspicion that assails us from time to time that in the higher circles of the B.B.C. there is only the haziest notion of what television is or can be expected to do.

Until July 5 news on TV consisted of a bulletin at the end of the evening's programme broadcast on sound only and read not by a television announcer but a news-reader in Broadcasting House or thereabouts. It was substantially the Home Service Nine o'clock News brought up to date. There was also, five nights a week, *Television Newsreel*. But newsreel is not in any real sense news, the essence of which is that it is up to and of the present moment. Newsreel caters for interest in events that are already over; it is a glance-back at what strictly is no longer news. It will remain so until such a time as an instantaneous picture of what is happening anywhere in the world can be flashed on to our screens.

What does the new programme consist of? It consists of the old *Television Newsreel* preceded by a ten-minute news bulletin read by a newsreader speaking in the awed official voice we know so well, the voice that of itself has contributed so largely to the B.B.C's reputation for impartiality in its news broadcasts. As the reader speaks, a headline is thrown on to the screen, so that the deaf can understand as well as the blind; and the caption is followed by a map or a still photograph.

It is on this that criticism has mainly seized. Rightly; for while there are a few programmes of a special kind in which stills may legitimately be used, on the whole the effect of a still in a TV programme can only be compared with that of a magic lantern slide suddenly cut into a film: it appears as profoundly unnatural; it jars the nervous system. The practice is surely wrong in principle. It was made to appear the more wrong because of the appalling banality of most of the still photographs. If the practice is followed there is no avoiding this, but it means that whenever they appear in the news we see a picture of the Prime Minister or Princess Margaret frozen in a hand-shake. Is it *lèse-majesté* to suggest that we have seen them both before and that pictures of them no longer contribute to our understanding of what is happening? Indeed, in all the news programmes I saw in the first seven days only one picture seemed to me to justify itself, that of Mrs. Petrov, simply because one had scarcely seen her before.

In one instance, the very possession of a picture seemed to dictate the inclusion of the news item; at least that seems the most charitable explanation. On Tuesday, June 6, according to *Television News*, the second most important event that day was Her Majesty's reviewing the Yeomen of the Guard at Windsor. This surprised me, but aware of my reactionary radicalism I thought it as well to compare the B.B.C.'s sense of news values with those of the national papers next morning. I admit I did not see the *Telegraph;* for the rest, nineteen lines in the Court Circular of *The Times* and a comic photograph in the *Daily Sketch* featuring the Yeomen's curiously shaped legs.

We were led to expect too much of *Television News and Newsreel*. All the same, we might have had some sense of impending disaster as soon as we knew the programme was being handled by the News Division. We all applaud its work, and yet—isn't its presentation of news even on sound as far removed from radio as it could be? How rarely does one get the impression that the news has been written to be taken in at once by the ear, by the ears of millions? Isn't the prose model still very largely the style of *Haley's Comet*? But one still wonders how they could put on *Television News* on closed circuit for a month without realising something was wrong. The moral seems to be to let television people look after TV and to let TV comment and explain the news, as it can do excellently—witness Mr. Aidan Crawley's *Viewfinder* series.

But mystery is endemic to the B.B.C. There has been a fascinating one on sound, the coincidence of the talks on the hydrogen bomb by Professor Kathleen Lonsdale and Sir Llewellyn Woodward. Sir Llewellyn gave two talks of half an hour each in the Home Service, *By Man Came Death*, on the implications of the bomb. In his first, he discussed and dismissed a number of proposed ways of controlling it; in his second, he produced his solution, the establishment of "an equality of fear" which should be brought about by an agreement between the powers possessing the bomb immediately to retaliate if any one of them should use it in any circumstances whatsoever, even if in defence against an aggressor.

Dr. Lonsdale, whose talk was certainly not more difficult to understand than Sir Llewellyn's, spoke for twenty minutes on *Christian Pacifism and the Hydrogen Bomb*—in the Third. It was one of the most eloquent sermons I have ever heard, and quite the most compelling and persuasive exposition of pacifism. Too compelling, too persuasive for listeners to the Home Service?

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Bandit," at the Cameo-Poly
"Night People," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"The World Condemns Them" and "The Child," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

Place: Brazil. Time: "indefinite—when there were bandits." Opening shots of a long single file of horsemen against the sky, to a twanging tune. So far, so trite. This will be, one imagines, Brazil

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where the bandits come from. But then, with a sudden descent on a village and wholesale pillage and rapine, the film gets off to a different tune. These aren't fancy brigands after all, but real ones; swaggering, scruffy, loving cruelty and a joke, and at the moment lording it over the universe. They ride in and out of shops. They take toll of the market. They are afraid of a girl, or violently make her afraid of them. They get their photographs taken, one of them with his gun pointing at the old plate camera. They are in a holiday mood, and would kill without thinking. Their general—one can hardly call him less—seizes the school-teacher as a hostage; and ever and anon this prickly-chinned individual with the uncouth dignity will hold out his hands in a childish gesture so that the sun catches the many facets of his jewelled fist.

Memorable introduction, and the achievement of the film is to take us into the nomad life of these outlaws, so that we feel, with some discomfort, just how it is to sit a horse all day, lurk in the hills, watch shadows, inflict horrible cruelties, and fight with the skill of wild craftsmen. I am sure no film has ever brought us these first-hand sensations; and looking round for comparisons I find my mind going back to the Cossacks of Lermontov and Tolstoy. Something of their ruthless romantic zest has gone to the making of *The Bandit*; and Galdino (remarkably played by Milton Ribeiro) is a striking creation that both attracts and repels. The realisms of scene and character have been matched by excellent photography, and throughout the director, Lima Barreto, pursues visual flourishes suitable to his theme.

Unfortunately, that's not the whole story; there's a plot and a counter-hero and a love-story and the music which sometimes invigorates and sometimes seems laid on—as in the beginning and ending tableaux. This was a picture that *didn't* need frame and varnish; however, they earned it prizes at Cannes, and genuine feeling is never quite overlaid. It is not, by the way, a cruel film, though it depicts cruelty. The final death walk of the secondary hero is a sort of thing Clouzot or Sartre would delight in, and so make nauseous; here the effect is one of ruthless dignity.

Night People is a Berlin thriller in CinemaScope, which has been widely accepted as the best essay yet in that dubious shape. It is produced and directed by Nunnally Johnson, exhibits Gregory Peck as an American colonel with a hard hand to play, excites moderately, keeps going, but appeals more to American sympathy than hard sense. Its crucial incidents are nearly all flawed, and this is a pity because with a cast-iron plot this might have been excellent of its kind.

Tarts trot again at the Marble Arch Pavilion, this time from Italy, with a plea for the woman who has gone wrong and now tries to go straight. It's a bit old-fashioned: gilded Brieux. Real old-fashioned is the Mason family piece, *The Child*, in the same programme, with James directing, Pamela acting the part of a heart-hungry lady who grabs someone else's child and then repents, and little Portland being just herself. Something between Baby's Book and a Late Joy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Out of the Blue," at the Phœnix

This year the Cambridge Footlights have brought out of the blue a sparkling whitewash to the rather drab world of London revue. Their wit—their undergraduate wit—is generally more mordant if at times more academic, less shallow though more brittle, more blundering though less ineffectually bumbling, than that of their graduate and professional fellows in this curiously persistent genre. Out of the blue come three comics of exceptional talent. Most important is Leslie Bricusse, deviser, producer, and in part writer of the show, whose brief monologues display a lambent comic talent in performance and an unfledged, unsure wit in creation; Brian Marber, who brilliantly misuses a flexible reading lamp and whose Conchita, Lady of Spain, is a sensuous delight to nonaficionados of the Spanish dance—and Jonathan Miller. Mr. Miller is the undoubted star, perhaps mainly because his talent, being more persistently derivative, is the more expectedly and completely undergraduate. As he gambols barefoot across the stage his red-haired idiocy recalls Danny Kaye. But it is only fair to add that his *reductio ad absurdum* of Bertrand Russell is completely his own.

D.M.

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Correspondence

"CHANGE IS OUR ALLY"

SIR,—It is indeed distressing to find how little the events of the last 20 years have penetrated the essentially pre-war mind of Mr. Strachey. Evidently he never noticed the defects of detailed central planning as shown up during the war and its aftermath. Evidently he has forgotten Sir Stafford Cripps' "bonfire of controls" and the reasons for it. Evidently he has not noticed the growing reliance placed on the market mechanism even in Communist counties, a development foreseen by Trotsky in *The Soviet Economy in Danger*. The problem we considered in our pamphlet was whether the existence of a multiplicity of barriers to change, combined with an artificial price structure, was a good foundation for British industry to build on in the second half of the 20th century? We came to the conclusion that it was in many respects a bad foundation. Mr. Strachey thinks otherwise, but surely even he, with his antiquated ideas, can produce a better defence of private cartels and restrictive practices than he does in his article. There he simply states that to do anything about them would be "wildly unpopular" with those that operate them. This would not surprise me; but I do not consider it a very compelling argument for doing nothing in the matter.

However, I found the most intriguing part of his article his plea for a social purpose outside the mere workings of the economic system. I entirely agree, and I accept the fact that this wider issue is not dealt with in the pamphlet although its importance is referred to, in terms very similar to his own, in the introduction. But is Mr. Strachey right in suggesting that to have a social purpose is to be a Socialist, implying at the same time that Socialists have an identical social purpose? Surely this is not so? Mr. Strachey, for instance, is an exponent of scientific Socialism, and in his book *What are we to do?* (p. 377) he explains that although there may be different sorts of Socialism such as Fabian, British or Revisionist Socialism (he omits Christian Socialism) "the experience of the British Labour Movement shows that any kind of Socialism other than scientific Socialism fails the movement as a guide to action." Earlier in the book (p. 253) he states: "Not only do they [scientific Socialist parties] possess the ideology known as scientific Socialism; they possess no other ideology. In a word, they do not tolerate within their ranks the co-existence of more than one ideology." That is clear enough, but I cannot believe that the social purpose of such a party would have much in common with that of a Christian Socialist party. Indeed, the latter are likely to find a greater preference for the objectives of the authors of *Change is Our Ally* than those of a scientific Socialist like Mr. Strachey.

In these circumstances, he really ought not to imply that because we do not discuss social purposes in a pamphlet on industrial organisation we therefore have no social purpose. I doubt very much whether it would correspond closely to Mr. Strachey's 19th century scientific ideas of a social purpose, but that is another matter.

DAVID ORMSBY GORE

House of Commons.

THE NEWEST NOVELS

SIR,—I read Mr. Priestley's article on the newer novelists with an interest enhanced by the fact that I myself am a young novelist. He implies that, by refusing to come to grips with our social environment, we are in some way less "realistic" than he would desire. Here, I cannot help feeling, Mr. Priestley is hedged from us by his sixty years. His youth was passed in an era that seemed completely stable; his formative years were pre-Great War. I was born in 1926—the year of the General Strike—and my whole youth was spent in the shadow of the inevitable Second World War. Thus, in contrast, my formative period was coloured by a sense of imminent catastrophe. When the war came I was at school, and from school I went straight into the Forces—not from any patriotic motive but simply because all my friends did. Four years later I found myself at the University and, later still, in a teaching post.

I use the phrase "found myself" deliberately, because my progress through the world to date has, I suppose, been along the road of least resistance. Resistance, my youth taught me, could be both dangerous and useless. Better to do what "they" said and come to terms with the various situations in which I found myself. Who were "they"? Looking back, I find it hard to say; but they were somehow responsible for the fact that, when the war broke out, a couple of detectives arrived to question my father and search his study; for the doling out of the gas masks that nearly frightened my young brother into fits; and for judging my best friend's conscience on the answer he gave to a question about his sister being raped by a German. They were authority; the planners; Power. And it is, in part, because of them that many of the values I now hold are geared to the reality of the present moment; because, as Mr. Priestley put it, it is something of an event "to get by until a week on Tuesday"!

All of which leads me on to wonder about "reality" as it would be related to myself and to the characters in my books. Mr. Priestley says: "These novels do not openly denounce and protest against the elaborate organisation and machinery of our society. They simply ignore them." Well, yes, in one sense I suppose they do. But dipping into my own experience I find there are two quite different *kinds* of reality. Take for instance the Welfare State. Now I have a pretty fair idea of what the Welfare State implies, its size, scope, and cost. That knowledge constitutes for me one kind of reality. But on the other hand there is my own immediate and personal contact with the Welfare State organisation. This takes the form of

monthly N.I. contributions and the Welfare Clinic every Monday afternoon for my wife and small daughter. Of the two "realities" there is no doubt in my own mind which is the most real to me. And the same applies to all the other facets of present-day society; there is the "reality" that exists for me because I read about it (without any avid curiosity) in the press, and there is the contact I have with it in my day-to-day existence. The material which goes into my novels comes invariably from this second source.

In what I have so far written, I have been concerned mainly with those smallest molecules of society, the private individuals. As yet none of my characters has been industrialists, economists, trade union leaders, or any other of that selection of persons Mr. Priestley mentioned; and I think it unlikely that any will be, because I have no first-hand knowledge of what such men do, think, or feel. My knowledge of them is limited exclusively to that first category of reality I spoke of earlier. Nevertheless I would not say that because of this I was necessarily detached from society. Rather is it that my contact with the forces that are shaping society today is limited to my own experience.

Am I—and others of my age—"rejecting our society"? The phrase suggests some positive action, a wilful turning away, which is in some way discreditable. But how can writers born and brought up in the Twenties and Thirties come to terms with something as vast and amorphous as present-day society?

Patcham. COLIN MURRY

GAMBLING ON AMERICA

SIR,—The picture drawn by Sir D. M. Fyfe in the Commons debate on Civil Defence was, as he said, "sombre"; but by no means as sombre as it would have been had he revealed the whole truth. Mr. Crossman was the only man who lifted even a corner of the veil of silence which hides the truth about atomic warfare from the public eye.

The stark truth is that, since Great Britain became America's aircraft carrier anchored off Europe, not only our safety but our very existence as a nation depends on the official gamble of "peace through strength" coming off. If our post-war Governments had deliberately contrived our national suicide, they could scarcely have done the job better.

If war breaks out between America and Russia (and who dare assert that, with such men as Senator McCarthy about, aggression must necessarily come from the Russian side?), Russia will certainly launch an all-out atomic attack against us. If that happens, whoever wins, England will be destroyed.

In all history, great armaments have never been piled up without being used. Is the present occasion likely to be the sole exception? Our foreign policy has become a reckless gamble, which is probably heading straight for disaster.

It is understandable that, in press and radio alike, there should be a tacit conspiracy of silence to conceal the facts. They are too terrifying to be printed abroad thoughtlessly. But it is essential to tell them, for England's safety is not the only issue involved. For until the truth is brought home to the public of this country and of Western Europe in general, there is not the slighest chance of the rest of the world's being able to intervene to prevent the imminent war between America and Russia.

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PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Rolph was unfortunate in his jury service in serving in a Court where previous conviction forms and other documents prejudicial to the prisoners were handed about in sight of the jury before they had considered their verdict. The usual practice is to take stringent precautions not to do this and to ensure that juries know nothing about such convictions; and prosecuting counsel and police witnesses are careful to see that in the reading of statements by the accused any reference to offences other than those on the indictment concerned are omitted. It is obvious, however, that this precaution is nullified by the fact that in many cases the tribunal has only to look at the indictment to find details of at least some of the previous convictions of the accused, so that, although such convictions are unknown to the jury, they are within the knowledge of the Court. It is too much to ask of any tribunal that, if it suspects that it is trying an old lag putting forward one of the stock defences, it should not look at the indictment to confirm its suspicions, and that, with those suspicions confirmed, its mind and its summing-up should remain unaffected.

Since such careful precautions are taken to prevent prejudicial matter reaching the jury, it is curiously illogical that such matter is put before the Court. Surely the fair thing would be that any facts relating to a prisoner's previous offences should be withheld from the Court as well as from the jury until after the jury had returned its verdict. Then there would be no chance of anyone concerned in weighing the evidence being influenced by knowledge of the prisoner's past misdeeds.

42 Famet Avenue, W. N. LAWRENCE
Purley.

UNQUALIFIED LIBRARIANS

SIR,—May I take up a couple of points in the letter from "Law Librarian" in your issue of July 10? To employ unqualified librarians is certainly no crime, and I cannot see that Mr. Fienburgh in any way suggested that it was; but it could conceivably be foolish. The chartered librarian is one who has submitted himself to a course of training in the techniques which, over many years, have been used by the most effective practising librarians. He has been examined in those techniques by librarians currently practising, and he has received at least three years' training under a senior chartered librarian so trained. If he has not always got that elusive quality called "flair," he has the far more dependable asset of a body of technique at his command. If he has flair, he will yet need to acquire techniques as he goes along. It appears that "Law Librarian" would prefer a state of affairs where an "instinctive" librarian relies upon luck presenting him with the solution to a problem when it arises, rather than knowing in advance how to apply the systematic processes evolved by generations of practitioners. In any case, how is an employer to know his appointee has flair? If he appoints a chartered librarian he can be sure he knows the basic principles and practice of his chosen profession.

As for the influence of the Library Association being "almost wholly confined to the public library service," this is sheer moonshine. Of the 15,000 persons, who at the 1951 census claimed to be librarians other than booksellers, about 12,000 work in public libraries and 3,000 in non-public libraries. The register of chartered librarians contains a total of 3,860 members, of whom approximately one-third are employed in non-public libraries, i.e., libraries of Government Departments, research organisations, industrial undertakings, as well as universities and colleges. The public library services employ a great many assistants in training, but these form a reservoir from which trained librarians are drawn for all kinds of libraries. Far from recognition of the chartered librarian being confined to the public library, non-public libraries are, proportionate to the number of staff they employ, far bigger employers of chartered librarians.

Malet Place, P. S. J. WELSFORD, *Secretary*,
London, W.C.1. The Library Association

GERMAN RESISTANCE

SIR,—In his book review "Hitler's Empire," A. J. P. Taylor writes: "The German opposition did not oppose, the German resistance did not resist. Apart from this, its record was admirable."

This cynical sentence may hold for the war years 1939–45 and for the role of the German generals, but it is a slur on the memory of thousands or hundred thousands of German workers, Communists, Socialists of all shades, Pacifists and religious opponents of the Nazi regime who died in German concentration camps and prisons between 1933 and 1939. They got no publicity at a time when Sir Neville Henderson went hunting with Goering, and nobody in England—or anywhere else for that matter—was interested in atrocities inside Germany. By 1939 the backbone of the German resistance was broken.

Dr. Kurt Schumacher, the leader of the post-war West German Social Democrats was perhaps the truest symbol of that other maimed, tortured and silenced Germany: after 12 years in concentration camps he emerged in 1945 unbroken in spirit, but broken bodily. He had only one arm, the sight of one eye was failing and one leg had to be amputated. He died only five or six years after his release.

Let no one say: "the German resistance did not resist."

EVA R. SITTIG

PERSON X

SIR,—The similarities between the Piltdown Skull hoax and the elaborate fake Chaucer in Kipling's story "Daiespring Mishandled" are so marked—even to the finder's early death—as to prompt the suspicion that the story is based on the facts. Kipling lived in Sussex, on his own confession he "moved easiest from a given point" and the date of writing makes it a possibility that he wrote "on information received."

Brentwood, Essex. DAIS CARPENTER

NEW POEMS

SIR,—For the past three years P.E.N. anthologies of new verse have appeared under the imprint of Messrs. Michael Joseph and you have been kind enough to allow me to invite your readers to submit poems for consideration by the Editors. A fourth volume is now in preparation, the Editors being Mr. Patric Dickinson, Mr. J. C. Hall and Miss Erica Marx, and manuscripts, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return, should be addressed to The Editors, NEW POEMS: 1955, the P.E.N., 62/63 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3, before September 30, 1954. Poems which have appeared in book form cannot be considered, and each poet may submit three poems only. Payment will be made for all poems accepted.

DAVID CARVER,
General Secretary, The P.E.N.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

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HAMISH HAMILTON with COLLINS

Books in General

MANY critics have complained of the careless and sweeping use of the term, "the Victorian age." The tendency to carelessness was emotional; it was strongest in the Twenties when the Victorians, of whatever dispensation, were an overpowering memory and their civilisation had just met its violent end. New impulses to a different future generally feed on a decided misreading of the past. But now we are established, we can go back to the Victorians in a different spirit; we can indulge the luxury of putting ourselves right; we can break the age down into its periods and see the changing decades as they saw themselves. This repentance has been going on for some while in the study of history and social movements. A new book on the novel*, by Mrs. Tillotson, adjusts the focus a little more. If we complain about Victorian censorship, she will point out that Mr. Podsnap's idea of not bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person belongs to the Sixties, not to the Forties. It was at that later date that a headmistress marched her girls out of one of Dickens's readings, at the point where Mr. Pecksniff goes to see Mrs. Gamp and is mistaken for an expectant father. There was less squeamishness in the earlier period. Charlotte Brontë refused to remove strong language from her novels, or rather to spell the bad words with the vowels missing; Geraldine Jewsbury, whose novel *Zoe* was kept hidden in Manchester Public Library, came out firmly in 1846 in her next novel with the view that "a strong emotion—a real feeling of any kind is a truth; no matter whether it be compatible or not with the received notions of right and wrong." The rein was there, but it was slacker in the Forties than it was to become. Mrs. Tillotson says it was not felt to be a handicap—not by the Victorians. To the foreign critic, on the other hand, uncommitted to Victorian ideology, the censorship seemed disastrous, as comparison with French and Russian fiction unmistakably shows.

Mrs. Tillotson has begun with the Forties because the novel was beginning to revive after the slump of the previous decade. In 1832 *The Athenæum* was writing, "No one talks of literature in these stormy and changeful times . . . no attention is paid to anything but speculations on reform and change of rules." But by the Forties, the climate had improved. The Brontës fall within her period, Dickens begins with *The Old Curiosity Shop* and ends with *David Copperfield*, Thackeray has *Vanity Fair*, Mrs. Gaskell has *Mary Barton*. She takes these last two books, *Jane Eyre* and *Dombey and Son*, to illustrate her examination of the relation of the novelist to his time. By his "time" she does not mean anything dramatic, prophetic or political; she is not thinking in any metaphysical way about social consciousness. She is thinking of the fashions of the moment, one or two public events, the practical situation of the novelist, the evolution of his method. The fact that serialisation made novels cheaply available, for example, is gone into from the writer's point of view. She notes that the long reign of the novel of high life was coming to an end—G. H. Lewes said it died finally in 1849, on the day of the Chartist petition—that the novelist had begun to extend the range of his interests into the rich material provided by the risen middle class and could even—with apologies—dip into the "low". There had, of course, been an even wider human range in the 18th century and more, discursive curiosity about human nature. The new solidifying element was class consciousness and perhaps that played its part in giving the novel the beginnings of unity and form.

What else can be found in the novelist's external world in those ten years? There were the reports on the condition of England and there was the feeling that novelists should be contemporary and write about "topics of the day," and Mrs. Gaskell did so. But not all responded. Thackeray did not and Charlotte Brontë said it lay beyond her power or interest. And here Mrs. Tillotson goes into a point that was raised before by Mr. Humphry House in his excellent book on *The Dickens World*: the effect of the railway mania of the mid-Forties. We can, she says, hardly exaggerate the effect of the railway age upon contemporary minds:

> Changes in the landscape of town and country, movements of population, changes in social habits, all were abrupt, disconcerting, immediately evident. Nothing analogous has ever changed the face and mind of England in so short a span of time.

We may protest that, in our time, the internal combustion engine has done as much, but we are inured to sudden revolutions by now. It is strange—and I take Mrs. Tillotson's word for it—that Dickens, alone among her novelists, noted the beginning of the railways and in the book she has chosen to study: *Dombey and Son*. There was, she says, for writers in the Forties, the sense that they had suddenly been made to belong to two ages. Hence the nostalgia for the coaching days and for a past which could be understood because it was complete—not necessarily as an escape from an intolerable present time. Mrs. Gaskell might be contemporary and Dickens might hark back in one book and then, in *Dombey and Son*, suddenly fix on people of the present: but in *Vanity Fair* Thackeray looked back and so did Charlotte Brontë. George Eliot was to look back for the material of *Middlemarch*. We must not theorise about this. The novels of Hardy in the Eighties and Nineties were, again and again, set in a far earlier period than the one of writing. It is a convention and one that has been discarded. It allows the artist to move in a timeless world, to see his subject whole without the arbitrary interference of actuality.

In our time, if we except historical novelists, Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett alone has carefully kept to a period not our own and Mrs. Tillotson asks if there may not be "a flaw in our current assumption that novels should deal with immediate contemporary life, a flaw not less evident because some novelists escape into abstractions or the deeper recesses of the inner life." What is the flaw? She does not say. A difficulty of the contemporary novelist is that history and violent change have got into the habit of blocking and dating his material and he may be driven to the choice of contemporary time simply because, if he goes back, he will run into yesterday's irrelevant upheaval. He is actual because the past so quickly destroys itself. If he happens to be a novelist moved by memory and the sense of the flux of time and fashion, as Thackeray was, he will be forced to add to himself the tasks of the war correspondent. If he moves he is faced by the newspaper. On the other hand, the novelist who sticks to the present and actual is emasculating his characters, for he is removing from them not only their consciousness of their past but their knowledge that their present is a past in formation. He loses the sense of completeness and, without that sense, it is difficult to free oneself of distraction, and next to impossible to convey fullness of feeling. For the rendering of feeling depends, in the end, on our power to judge it. We cannot judge, as we run; we can only record. As we get older, we see that character, the way people feel and act, is very little affected by public events; on the other hand, public events in the last 40 years have turned our very selves into actualities. The characteristic which, I would say, distinguishes us most from our grandfathers, is our time sense of ourselves, both in our inner and outer lives.

Mrs. Tillotson goes instructively into the four novels that represent her period. She has one or two bold but very defensible notions. She does not agree, for example, that serialisation made the novel sprawl, but holds that it obliged the novelist to think hard about unity, simply because he could not retract. The evil of serialisation was surely very different: it encouraged the excessively dramatic plot. In *Dombey and Son* she admits that when Dickens is dealing with a taboo subject—Edith Dombey in Dijon, denouncing Carker, but heading for adultery—he dodges and becomes theatrical; but she says that melodrama, the overplayed scene, does not necessarily mean that psychological truth is being falsified simply because it is high flown. No—but it becomes grossly simplified. The scene in Dion would have been a good deal better handled by Thackeray who, as she says, was continually reproached for an excess of skill in coming close to unmentionable subjects. Her analysis of *Vanity Fair* is admirable. For our understanding of Thackeray's tremendous contribution to the English novel we have up till now chiefly been obliged to Mr. Percy Lubbock's chapter in *The Craft of Fiction*†—just re-issued—but he was especially concerned with the panoramic technique and the device of the novelist who is openly the compère. Mrs. Tillotson's interest is in structure. She attempts, with ingenuity, to rehabilitate Amelia in our esteem and does so by pointing out her vital part in the structure of *Vanity Fair* and the subtlety of it.

The weakness of Amelia as a character is that she has to live by being described, whereas Becky is displayed. Mrs. Tillotson says:

> The tone of the description is deliberately ambiguous, seeming often sentimentally protective, but with enough impatience breaking through to show that the author wishes to confuse and make fun of the sentimental

* *The Novels of the Eighteen-Forties.* By KATHLEEN TILLOTSON. *Oxford.* 21s.

† *The Craft of Fiction.* By PERCY LUBBOCK. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

reader. It is not necessary to attribute confusion to Thackeray himself; there is room with such a character for genuine indulgence as well as impatience. Besides, he has an ulterior "literary" motive in Amelia; Becky is a wholly new kind of heroine, Amelia the old kind ironically exposed. It is possible that Amelia may sometimes be imperfectly disengaged from "the unwritten" part of his novels, not quite free from her moorings in his own emotional life; whereas Becky seems free in the pure element of art.

The points are good and Thackeray was indeed a novelist and moralist of great cleverness, but Amelia never loses her insipidity, if she does make her dreary little point. A much more interesting aspect of Thackeray's work, which I have never seen brought out before, is his long self-preparation for *Vanity Fair*. He had studied the popular novels of his time, satirised, rejected them, so that *Vanity Fair* begins as a mockery of the novels that have gone before and is an open, original defiance of the rules and conventions. His readers would recognise with delight his quiet mockery of the conventions of popular fiction; he cunningly, even maliciously, evaded the strong scene and the melodramatic. He is the supreme example in Victorian fiction of the novelist who turns his deficiencies—and one is the lack of power to develop character very far—to positive creative effect. No one is such an impressionist, and yet no one is more certain to give a greater density, by a thousand small touches, to his social scene.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE ELDRITCH SANG

The tuim and simmer nicht was still
And throu the gerss the nicht-breeze ran
As frae the sleepan wuid I heard
An ourie eldritch sang.

Whence it cam or what its leid
I ken I'se never ken
—But aa the dreams that I hae dreamed
Ran throu my memorie then.

O, when, when, my luve? I cried
—The globe rocked i the nicht—
A spate ran throu the skudderan hert
As the sang deed in munelicht.

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH

Tuim—empty; *gerss*—grass; *ourie*—unearthly; *leid*—meaning.

ELEGY FOR A.T. (1925-1954)

The Magnustide long swords of rain
Quicken the dust. The ploughman turns,
Furrow by holy furrow,
The liturgy of April.
What rock of sorrow
Checks the seed's throb and flow,
Now the lark's skein is thrown
About the burning sacrificial hill?

Sad exiles from the fabulous tree
Planted in Eden long ago,
Whose reconciling leaves
Fold stone, corn-stalk, and lark,
Our poor blood grieves
That never again her lips
Flowering with song we'll see;
Who, winged and bright, speeds down into the dark.

Now let those risers from the dead,
Corn-stalks, golden conspirators,
Cry on the careless wind
Ripeness and resurrection;
How from the holy wound
Of the girl entering the world's side
Soars up immortal bread
For this year's dust and rain that shall be man.

GEORGE MACKAY BROWN

A GARLAND FOR VANBRUGH

The Imagination of Vanbrugh and his Fellow Artists. BY LAURENCE WHISTLER. *Art & Technics* and *Batsford*. 73*s*. 6*d*.

It would be fair to call this book a voluminous postcript to the author's *Sir John Vanbrugh*, published in 1938. But it would be unfair to leave it at that, because it is a remarkable book in its own right, a shapely garland of Vanbrugh studies dealing with certain problems and buildings now more maturely grasped and more rigorously analysed, often in the light of fresh evidence. Mr. Whistler's first book was charming, lighthearted and in certain blameless respects superficial. Now we enter inquiries which are fuller, more deliberate, more technical. The first book was an enchanting piece of writing. So is the second; and here the good writing is sustained against the need for detailed discussion of documents not necessarily in themselves very inspiring. The result is something uncommon: a research book, every paragraph of which is personal and vivid and which from time to time strays into passages of really striking and evocative prose.

Among the problems attending the figure of Sir John Vanbrugh the most pressing is the artistic identity of the man himself as against that of his colleague and collaborator, Nicholas Hawksmore. The old solution, hastily adopted by Blomfield in 1897 and copied from him by others, was that Hawksmore was dim and derivative, a slogger to whom the drawing-out and the drains would very properly be relegated. This view survived so long as the scattered and not readily accessible documentation remained unsorted. A brilliantly intuitive essay by Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel, published in 1924, did much to re-establish Hawksmore as a real person, but it was still very difficult to see how his genius and Vanbrugh's interlocked—if indeed they did—in such works as Castle Howard and Blenheim, where both were engaged. Mr. David Green's fine book on Blenheim (1951) cleared some of the ground, but the problem as a whole still defies, and probably always will defy, definitive solution. Nevertheless, Mr. Whistler's book brings us well on the way; and those who have already plumped for a more-or-less balanced give-and-take between two so utterly different artistic innovators will find comfort and assurance in what he now tells us.

> Vanbrugh emerges a more limited artist than general opinion has allowed . . . an architect of great natural genius, somewhat restricted by lack of knowledge and technique, and perhaps fundamentally by lack of outstanding skill with a pencil.

Very just. It is difficult, if not impossible, to compose in the complex language of classical architecture unless one can set down its expressions swiftly and suggestively at the drawing-board. This, Vanbrugh, it now appears, could not do, probably for two reasons. Partly from lack of training and manual skill; but also because architecture did not appeal to him initially in these terms. It may even be that his limitation was a condition of his power. Where he was exceptional was in his feeling for building as unpolished mass, as play and interplay of blocks and spaces (hence, of course, his enormous present esteem). Nobody else at the time had this innocent, unprofessional and undraughtsmanly feeling for architectural form. But Hawksmore, for all his load of technical equipment, could and did enter into the game, harnessing Vanbrugh's wild horses without breaking them, teaching them grace without whipping out their fire. Moreover, the Vanbrugh fire was communicable; it warms Hawksmore's own personal works (his London churches for instance) just as Hawksmorean technique disciplines the houses (Seaton Delaval, in particular) which Vanbrugh in later days conducted on his own.

Generalisation of this sort is easy to make but hard to prove and it must be said at once that it is not Mr. Whistler who makes it. He merely tempts the reader to generalisations of his own, which perhaps is as far as a conscientious historian of this difficult subject ought to go. The great thing is that he brings before us a mass of

DANIEL
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JONATHAN CAPE

evidence and handles it with such tact and insight that truth seems to hover very near. In stylistic analysis he goes only a short way, though here again he opens up all sorts of tantalising approaches. How interesting to observe, in one of the newly discovered Blenheim designs of 1705, the *début* of those sentinel pairs of Doric columns which, discarded at Blenheim, so animate the much later facades of Grimsthorpe and Seaton. Again, how revealing to see in the drawing now identified as Glympton a conversion by Vanbrugh of themes which Hawksmore had just been handling, in a totally different spirit, in the Queen Anne block at Greenwich. Students of Vanbrugh (and Hawksmore) will turn over Mr. Whistler's plates again and again, noting the little shafts of light which they throw on this inexhaustibly fascinating partnership.

Mr. Whistler presents us with many discoveries, most of them his own, but some acknowledged to Mr. Howard Colvin and other workers in this particular field. It would be pointless to enumerate them but it may be said that they supply material for two sections of the book in particular which deepen one's conception of Vanbrugh. One is the section on "Smaller Houses." Not all who are awed by the great limbs of Blenheim are aware of its architect's passion for the extreme diminutive. Even if they know his own little toy fort at Blackheath they will be grateful to Mr. Whistler for bringing out of obscurity its companions in the *genre*—the demolished "Nunnery" and "Mince-pie House," also at Blackheath, built for his brothers; the odd little house at Whitehall; the original Claremont; and the extraordinary thing at Somersby. All are in much the same quasi-castellar style; all hint at those peculiar originalities of composition which we find in the great houses. They are absurdities, deliberately so. But they elucidate much which is the contrary of absurd.

Then, not unrelated to these domestic toys, we have the military and naval works in a style which Mr. Whistler calls "ordnance-Vanbrugh." Examples survive at Woolwich, Chatham, Berwick, Portsmouth and Plymouth, and although we are not permitted to ascribe them with certainty to Vanbrugh, it is difficult to imagine who else could have struck out this half-humorous, half-heroic fashion. Like the toy-fort houses, they seem to expose the play-boy half (the play-boy source, dare one say?) of Vanbrugh's imaginative make-up.

In an appendix, Mr. Whistler prints twenty-five letters which have come to light since Mr. Geoffrey Webb's Nonesuch edition of 1928. He also gives Vanbrugh's *Proposals* for the fifty-new-churches scheme of 1711. The book is beautifully printed and produced and altogether a lovely piece of work. On reflection, there is just one rather odd thing about it. One does not recall in the text a single passage dealing specifically with *The Imagination of Vanbrugh*.

JOHN SUMMERSON

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

The Evolution of Diplomatic Method. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ambassadors and Secret Agents. By ALFRED COBBAN. *Cape.* 21*s.*

The diplomatist, contrary to popular belief, is seldom a charmer. The clever ones are generally too busy making their way, the stupid are gluttons for pomposity. This is only natural. Almost any life lived professionally and at high pressure in what Dryden called "the best company of both sexes" ends by damaging the character. Diplomacy aims to produce the kind of ideal lifeman that Aristotle embodied in his Ethics—the Magnificent Man, temperate, self-controlled, sagacious, loving the mean. Each of us has to give up something in order to live; the diplomat surrenders his essence. Unless he happens to be a man of really obstinate sensitivity, he finds himself, as the years and the missions pile up behind him, imperceptibly turning into that most depressing of God's creatures, the professional human being.

Only consider the requirements, as listed by de Callières in his famous manual and quoted by Sir Harold Nicolson in these recent Chichele Lectures. The diplomatist must have an observant mind and a sound judgment; he must be quick, resourceful, a good listener, courteous and agreeable. He must be devoid of personal prejudices and "possess the patience of a watchmaker." "He should pay attention to women but never lose his heart." "He must have a calm nature, be able to suffer fools gladly, and should not be given to drink." He must also have,

> the gift of penetration, such as will enable him to discern the thoughts of men and to deduce from the least movement of their features which passions are stirring within them.

Sir Harold's four mellifluous lectures are largely a recasting of his admirable little book on diplomacy, published in 1939. In the first, he discusses the art of negotiation in the ancient world, concluding that while the Greeks "failed entirely to mitigate the disadvantages inseparable from democratic diplomacy in its dealings with despotic government," the Romans "being undisputed masters of the world, felt no need for reciprocity in their dealings with other countries." He then passes to the 'Italian System'—transitory, mistrustful, opportunist, the result of Byzantine tortuousness acting upon Venice and transmitting itself throughout the City-States of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A brief discussion of Grotius and Richelieu leads on to the 'French System,' the method that Sir Harold regards as "best adapted to the conduct of relations between civilised states":

> It was courteous and dignified; it was continuous and gradual; it attached importance to knowledge and experience; it took account of the realities of existing power; and it defined good faith, lucidity and precision as the qualities essential to any sound negotiation.

In his final lecture Sir Harold discusses the transition between the old and the new diplomacy. He ends with a courteous hope that the United States (that "great good giant") may in time evolve a diplomacy that shall be "consistent, convincing and reliable"—an international instrument that will act as a substitute for the Concert of Europe and the Balance of Power. This, the reader may feel, is to shirk "the realities of existing power" a little too blandly.

James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury, is among the most outstanding of our diplomatists. Talleyrand described him as the ablest British negotiator of his day. Active, resourceful, Odyssean—"*ce rusé et audacieux Harris*," declared Mirabeau—he was a man of strong yet seductive character, whose letters and despatches are a most undiplomatic joy to read. He rallies his amorous chief, Lord Carmarthen, about an affair and writes: "She will, I am persuaded, if you choose to be the Tarquin, act over all the old story except the dagger part—she is a fine girl of a philosophical cast of mind." He has, he tells his sister, asked for leave:

> I shall insist on it being given to me . . . if . . . they continue in their airs I shall wipe my——with their Credentials and leave them to do their own dirty business.

Harris left us his own memoirs and Mr. Cobban has not written his life. He has done something much more interesting and valuable. He has written an account of Harris's mission to the Hague in the critical years 1784-87 when Britain was attempting to regain her influence in the Dutch Republic and wrest the initiative from the French. It is an intriguing chapter in diplomatic history and one that exhibits all the features of the eighteenth-century 'French System' in miniature. Mr. Cobban tells his story admirably with the exhaustive and documentary raciness of a Namier or a Wheeler-Bennett, picking his way cleverly through the tangled heap of character and motive. At the corners of his picture are the great wire-pullers—Pitt, Vergennes, Frederick the Great; the centre is a seething antheap of burgomasters, French agents and British intelligence.

Mr. Cobban is a historian and not a diplomatist. He never seduces and persuades us, like Sir Harold; he convinces us by the pressure of facts. Nor, unlike Sir Harold, is he a believer in the *mystique* of the old diplomacy. The conclusions he draws from his story have the historian's note of asperity. "An efficient Foreign Office," he writes, "always takes to itself the credit of having known what was going to happen after it has happened." "Barthelémy," he declares of the French Chargé d'Affaires in London, "had in a high degree some of the qualities necessary for a successful diplomatic career. If he did not know what was happening he could always produce a theory to explain why he hadn't." Finally, "one feels that diplomacy would be a game of diamond cut diamond if only the gems were not so often paste."

JOHN RAYMOND

GALLANT ALLY

Prelude to Dunkirk. By SIR EDWARD SPEARS. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

So Full a Glory: A Life of Marshal De Lattre de Tassigny. By SIR GUY SALISBURY-JONES. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

It is difficult for the French and the British to take each other seriously as soldiers. To the French, with their huge armies and magnificent traditions, their long-established military schools and all the ramifications of the Invalides and the Place Joffre and Vincennes, with their entire history shot through by glorious and tragic battles, the British must always seem amateurs learning their task slowly if at all, partners with a limited liability who can withdraw at will. War for them is no matter of sea-power and economic pressure and overseas campaigns: it is, as Mandel explained to General Spears, "a bloody business fought in the field—their own fields mostly"; a more splendid and more terrifying experience than we have ever known, to be met with flamboyant courage or resigned despair.

The British tend to see war as a dreary business to be carried out as systematically, and if possible as cheaply, as any other business. We are uncharitably alive to the business weaknesses of the French army and the apparent absurdity of their *panache*. Their morale, with its splendid highlights of self-sacrifice and its troughs of utter *débandade*, seems to us symptomatic of a fundamental frivolity.

Take the case of Marshal De Lattre. In April, 1945, the First French Army on the Upper Rhine received orders to beware of any premature advance and confine itself to clearing the eastern bank. De Lattre thereupon ordered his corps to "exploit southward, encircle the Black Forest from the East, cross the Danube on the 22nd, take Constance with your right, Ulm with your left, and then push on to Austria." Magnificent: but not, to Anglo-Saxon eyes, war. War is to us too serious a matter to allow of such insubordinate braggadocio. Yet De Lattre, that swashbuckling cavalryman, one of the last officers in Europe to be wounded by a lance, who made his child pray that he might grow up like Bayard and Du Guesclin—De Lattre was not entirely wrong. Even now fighting is a matter of morale as well as material, and so long as that is so, so long will the drum and the trumpet have a part to play. The frivolities of Sir Winston Churchill showed better results than the staid methods of his predecessors.

But the drums and the trumpets can sound too often. The spirit which General Spears found when he went to Paris in May, 1940, as Churchill's personal liaison officer to M. Reynaud was not that of De Lattre. It was that of Daladier, whose views on military affairs "were confined to keeping warlike matters as remote from France as possible." It was that of General Gamelin, who, according to Mandel, "was so busy propitiating Daladier and making sure that Georges did not take his place that he has no time to think of the war." It was that of Weygand—"a jack-in-the-box, a very ancient toy whose vivacity still startled, though he had but one trick to play." German invasion could not rouse the people of France, nor Churchill's most sonorous eloquence her politicians. Such things had roused them in 1792, in 1814, again in 1870, for the last time in 1914: it was asking too much for her to make the effort again.

For the normal English soldier collaboration with a Frenchman, whether a De Lattre or a Daladier, is always difficult. General Spears is better qualified for the task than any man living. He is courageous, highly intelligent, and a master of the language. He played a part in all the great crises of the Allied Command in the First World War, which he has brilliantly described in his two earlier works. When sent on his belated mission he knew intimately the problems involved in the two armies working together; he understood, or thought he understood, the French; but he remained staunch in putting forward the British point of view, never being tempted, as was that even more influential Francophile Sir Henry Wilson, to view the problems through purely French eyes. In Paris, in those evil days of collapse and hysterical recrimination, such a man was invaluable.

But it is General Spears's tragedy, as it was Pepys's, that he will be remembered, not as a great servant of the state, but as a memoir writer of outstanding gifts. These do not lie purely in his ability to write. Even more important is a candid naivety which first shocks, then amuses, and finally touches. A typical passage records how he noticed, on a visit to a French mess, that on the menu "a Croix de Guerre was painted; and again fortunately I noticed it bore three palms, the number I was entitled to. This," he comments unctuously, "was a charming and delicate attention, subtly characteristic of French urbanity. I have always thought that tact and good manners largely depend on a good memory." They also depend on a certain diffidence about mentioning precisely this type of incident, but this diffidence is, fortunately, as alien to General Spears as it was to James Boswell. About his own talents and achievements he speaks equally without exaggeration and without restraint. He is similarly frank about his friends, softening his memorable descriptions with no veil of kindliness. Mandel he sketches briefly: "small, twisted, pale, with a long thin nose planted askew, to either side of which a cold glaucous green eye glinted, hard and steady."

General Salisbury-Jones also knows the French well: but as befits a Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps he is more discreet and less overtly amusing. His study of De Lattre is workmanlike and respectful, but there is a twinkle in his admiring eye. It is clear from his book that power corrupted De Lattre by turning him into a rebellious subordinate and a testy despot, by tempting him to the baroque extravagances of the palace at Lindau, by encouraging all the bravura to which French generals are prone and which makes them so suspect to large numbers of their countrymen. But it was power to which he won his way by the transcendent ability and the dedicated effort of a remarkable personality, and which he wielded skilfully and successfully in the interests of France. His place on the French roll of Marshals is certainly well below Lyautey or Foch, but there are moments when Maurice of Saxe comes to mind. De Lattre's headquarters during the war were graced by a personal "Brains Trust" of witty men and lovely women, to provide him with the company of intelligence and beauty which he found "indispensable." "Among the many tasks that were performed by the lady members of the Brains Trust," remarks the author circumspectly, "were visits to the sick and wounded in hospital." Little wonder that De Lattre and Montgomery found each other such uneasy colleagues; and little wonder that our two armies will continue to regard each other with some bemusement.

MICHAEL HOWARD

POPULATION FOR THE UNINITIATED

Population. By IAN BOWEN. *Nisbet.* 10s. 6d.

The Cambridge Economic Handbooks are designed to convey to "the ordinary reader and the uninitiated student" some conception of the general principles of thought which economists now apply to economic problems. Professor Bowen's treatment of Population is too intricate for the uninitiated and too allusive for the ordinary reader. The intricacy derives from the disjointed plan of the book, which is artificially divided into three parts—survey, analysis, and forecast: the allusiveness springs from a praiseworthy intention to quote as many primary authorities as possible, from Cantillon to the twentieth-century demographers of Ceylon. Some of the allusions would be trying even to a very unordinary reader.

Most of Professor Bowen's difficulties, however, are inherent in the subject rather than in the treatment. Economists have made the greatest theoretical advances when they have been able to take certain data as given and to forget about it in the rest of their studies. When population becomes the subject of an economics book rather than of a footnote on the first or last page, it is difficult to choose single assumptions or to keep data of any kind outside the analysis. Professor Bowen tries, but does not succeed. He has to bring in biology (briefly), sociology (intermittently), and demography (perpetually). Sometimes very little economics is left.

The same difficulties confronted Malthus, although he did not have to pretend that he was just a political economist. He could be moralist and sociologist without fear of wandering into alien territory and without ever abandoning the simple deductions from which he started. The theory which resulted, as Professor Bowen remarks, was incapable of either disproof or of verification. It is precisely for this reason that it still haunts all students of population today.

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The solid middle of this handbook is a detailed study of Malthus and his contemporaries. Backwards we still go to the famous essay of 1798, which was designed not to transform world thought but to rebut, in publicist's fashion, the rosy optimism of Godwin.

The quarrel between optimists and pessimists lies behind all subsequent writing on population. The language has changed from phrases like "geometrical ratio" and "the desire of bettering our condition" to net reproduction rates, supply ceilings and "completed family size," but Malthus and Godwin are with us yet. The neo-Malthusians are identified with a principle which Malthus viewed with horror, the acceptance of contraception: the neo-Godwinians, whom Godwin would prefer to their political doctrines, still insist on the possibility of Utopia. For both groups the time scale has become vast—even a million years is but an evening gone—and it is not surprising that in consequence the gloom is often impenetrable or the optimism unbounded.

Fortunately we are not compelled to take our choice. The most useful twentieth-century population studies are those which deal in detail with particular places at particular points of time. Even such studies are often tinged with populationism—the belief that some net increase in the numbers of one's own nation is specially desirable—or with the reverse philosophy, usually applied to colonial territories, that only a sharp fall in population will permit healthy economic development. An element of the primitive penetrates the strictest of demographic surveys, although it is true, as Professor Bowen points out, that primitive urges are not necessarily to be condemned. "Without them there would be no problems of population, and perhaps no population."

There are two ways in which economists themselves are becoming less primitive and more initiated. First, they are becoming more aware of the existence of the family. In the past they have sometimes contrived to write studies of population without mentioning it, and even now it has not reached page 1. Yet no adequate study of population can rest content with aggregates: it must take the family, a varying and not a fixed social unit, as its proper social foundation. Second, they are increasingly preoccupied with practical population studies rather than with abstract speculation. Their research will be of great importance in the period of rapidly expanding world population during the next century. How great an increase in world population can be supported is not a question of faith or of fear but of investigation and of organisation. To answer it we need neither Malthus nor Godwin but a more educated public opinion and a working partnership between technicians, statesmen and economists.

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NEW NOVELS

Strangers. By ANTONIA WHITE. *Harvill Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Cool Million. By NATHANAEL WEST. *Neville Spearman.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Stranger At My Side. By GWYN THOMAS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The City Called Holy. By MAURICE CALLARD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I shall never forget the first time I read *The House of Clouds*, which reappears as the showpiece in this collection of Antonia White's short stories. It was published originally by Desmond MacCarthy, who had always a *penchant* for the literature of insanity, in *Life and Letters*. I was then in the first fever of an amateur enthusiasm for psychiatry, product of a kind of esotericist intellectual snobbery. Determined to grasp the secrets of the alienated ones, I devoured Kraepelin's and Bleuler's classic text-books, and visited mental hospitals as the guest of two sympathetic young M.O.s. I was just beginning to feel confident of my ability to classify anyone, on sight, as unfailingly either schizoid or cycloid, when I read Miss White's story, the heroine of which appeared to be, acutely, both. What a brilliant story it is, not only because of its documentary quality, the vividness with which it communicates a strange, nebulously confused state of mind, but because of its technique. The condensation is admirable. In 20 short pages the girl experiences several different mental and physical conditions, rising to a crescendo of agitation and tailing away to a docile institutional acceptance—prelude, probably, to recovery. Her background is sketched in by implication. The writing has the simplicity and sharpness of inspiration. Here are two pieces that show you what she can do with hallucinations; one not unfamiliar, the other most strange:

> The clouds spoke to her sometimes. They wrote messages in white smoke on the blue. They would take shape after shape to amuse her, shapes of swans, of feathers, of charming ladies with fluffy white muffs and toques, of soldiers in white busbies. . . .
>
> The only thing she was sure of was that the rubber room came after she had been changed into a salmon and shut up in a little dry, waterless room behind a waterfall. She lay wriggling and gasping, scraping her scales on the stone floor, maddened by the water pouring just beyond the bars that she could not get through.

Of the other six stories, one deals with a young woman in an abnormal mental state, suffering from ideas of persecution and having a scene with her husband while on a holiday in Brittany; I was not altogether convinced by its rhapsodic end. There are some Catholic themes, which Miss White knows how to handle unaffectedly; I always put down anything by her with the feeling that if only she could be persuaded to go into training she could write all the other professional sensitives off the map.

Though never before published in this country, *A Cool Million* also dates from some time before the war. It is one of the relics of that interesting philosophical satirist, Nathanael West, author of *Miss Lonelyhearts*, who was killed in a Hollywood motor accident when only thirty-five. It is a short, burlesque, picaresque caper about the hideous misadventures of a country bumpkin named Lemuel Pitkin, who, after losing his liberty, legs, teeth, scalp, and finally his life, is hailed as a sort of Horst Wessel by an American fascist movement. Unfortunately, despite the sharp political intelligence which has been put into it, it is written with deadpan flatness and no zest at all, so that it never for one moment comes alive. All that mutilation makes me scent some heavy Teutonic influence at work: possibly that of Georg Grosz, with whom, for a time, West edited a satirical magazine.

Back to the novel of the Fifties, our own punch-drunk period. Am I allergic to Mr. Gwyn Thomas, or is *The Stranger At My Side* nowhere his best book? A barrage of raving over its predecessors assails me from the title page. "A surge of wild humour and passionate poetry," declares Mr. C. P. Snow. As for Mr. John Connell of the *Evening News*, he is "take(n) by the throat and shaken with laughter, wonder, joy and gratitude." I, too, find Mr. Thomas original and funny, sometimes very funny, but he does go on and on so. Reading him is rather like being buttonholed in a bar by one of those brilliant loquacious Celtic intellectuals—a familiar experience, this, in Dublin. At first you think you have discovered a genius; three-quarters of an hour and a quart of stout later you think you have been kidnapped by a metronome.

The Stranger At My Side is all about the inhabitants of Windy Way, "a long lonely street laid out like a weal along a ledge of the hillside," looking down on a derelict colliery. It is told in a breathless rush by Tudno Pugh, whose Uncle Edwin, out of a job because a tinplate works has closed down, tries all sorts of odd occupations for a year. There is a lot of slapstick, with fireworks, falling into water, a football match, houses caving in, and amateur conjurers dropping white balls all over the place. And innumerable characters. The trouble is they all talk in the same strain and interest is too evenly diffused between them, as if it came through an unfocused lens. And Tudno's sustained violent grotesquerie does become a little wearing. Here is just one sentence:

> There, he had thumbed the *manuel de méthode* which was kept in the Bible drawer to find out what type of ordnance and range was suggested for boudoir jobs, returned up the broad marble staircase and left a bullet apiece with wife and caresser who struck me as being slow to shift his pitch, nowhere the class of Windy Way's leading sensualist, Rowley Burge the Urge, who had a way of leaping through bedroom windows when discovered and who had been asked directly by one cuckold, who had a glasshouse in the back, to use the stairs because glass was scarce and he had no wish to be winkling Burge out of the tomatoes, while bearing Burge no great grudge in the matter of the bedroom. . . .

This might have gone over better as a turn at an Eisteddfod. Nevertheless, the mixture of farce and hyper-intellectualism is still new; the Welsh spirit, by Hanuman out of Chaos, is cunningly trapped. We must continue to cherish Mr. Thomas. But he must brush up his act.

I happened to be in Jerusalem, *The City Called Holy*, at the time, 1947, when Mr. Callard's story takes place. This is a straightforward, undistinguished novel about a young Palestinian policeman who falls in love with a pretty Jewess who is somewhat involved with Irgun terrorists. The conflict between love and duty is satisfactorily resolved when she enables him to save his older colleague, Frank, from being blown up. The picture of that nervous disappointing city, though very limited, is accurate and tolerably evocative. I did meet one CID man who had very much the same detached attitude towards his job as Frank. But poor though the standard of security was—inevitably, to some extent—it surprises me a little to find the billet for 80 policemen on top of a Jewish barber's shop.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

MARCHER LORDS

Russia, Poland and the West. By WACLAW LEDNICKI. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

It is natural for the Pole to regard himself as specially fitted for interpreting Russia to the rest of Europe. And, sure enough, many Polish writers have set themselves just this task. Yet in general the English, at any rate, have insisted on taking the Russians, if not at first hand, in any case by ways that bypass Poland. How is it, otherwise, that Russian writers—Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Gorky—are known to English readers to whom the great Polish writers—Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki, Wyspianski, Zeromski, even Sienkeiwicz—are not even names? No doubt there are many reasons, and some do us no credit; but partly it is due to a feeling that the Poles are unreliable witnesses, in a matter that concerns them altogether too nearly. And for this there is certainly some excuse. For the Pole, when he casts himself as interpreter of Russia to the West, is acting also in the other role for which history and geography have, as he sees it, marked him down—as the defender of the Eastern marches of Christendom against Tartary. And so, almost inevitably, his "interpretations" of Russia take the form of terrible warnings. Many Englishmen have learnt to discount this, too readily perhaps, as the product of Polish chauvinism.

It would be a great pity if Waclaw Lednicki were dismissed in this way. Not that he does not conform to the Polish pattern. He does, but with important differences. In the first place, he plays scrupulously fair; he never pretends that his work is anything but tendentious. Secondly, his scholarship is beyond dispute. English readers go sadly wrong when they think of the Soviet literary critics as publicists and fulminating party-hacks. There are plenty of these, of course; but the best Soviet literary historians—men like Piksanov, Eichenbaum, Zhirmunsky, Shklovsky—are exact scholars and penetrating critics; and Waclaw Lednicki is perhaps the only non-Russian student of Russian literature who can encounter these men on equal terms. But the third and most important thing about Professor Lednicki's interpretations is the breadth of vision which he brings to them. He sees the Pole and the Russian as locked in a tragic embrace of mingled attraction and repulsion; and if he thinks that on the whole the Polish vision of life is truer than the Russian, he realises with profound sympathy and renders with noble pathos the inescapable predicament of those Russians who found themselves torn between their love of Europe and their love of ultimately non-European Russia.

This comes out particularly in his treatment of Pushkin, who seems to him the classic example of the Russian impaled on the horns of this insoluble dilemma. And the whole question of Russian-Polish relations, at a level deeper than the merely political, though reflected, of course, in politics, is for him focused in the friendship between the greatest of Russian poets, Pushkin, and his peer, the greatest poet of Poland, Mickiewicz. Professor Lednicki has explored this relationship in previous books in Polish and French; and the volume under review can be described as a series of wide-ranging appendices to those earlier works. This makes it seem as if it is, as the phrase goes, "of specialised interest"; and no doubt it will be described, and therefore largely dismissed, in just those terms. But this will be a pity. For it is in fact one of those rather rare and peculiarly satisfying works in which recondite and (as it seems) severely limited questions of specialised scholarship take on, because of the ambitious perspectives in which they are seen, an urgent relevance to topics of importance to the man in the street.

Thus, when Professor Lednicki discusses the career of Chaadaev, a Russian Westerniser who was Pushkin's contemporary, the value of his study is not just the settling or airing of some disputed questions about literary sources, nor even the bringing to life of the brilliant and tormented intellectual world of Russia in the 1820s and 1830s, but the exploration, through Chaadaev, Pushkin, Vyazemsky, and Mickiewicz as classic types, of the psychological tensions set up in any Russian when he looks at the West, in any European when he looks at Russia. When he compares Dostoevsky's treatment of the duel with treatments of the same theme by Pushkin, Lermontov, Tolstoy, Turgenev and Chekhov, he is, once again, not just source-hunting, nor is he merely insisting that Dostoevsky is seen in true perspective only when we see Pushkin behind him; he proceeds to the generalisation, "what we find in Russian literature is all a parody of the duel," and he generalises this further till it becomes an expression of the ingrained Russian refusal of the European ethos "based on hierarchy, law, and order." This sort of generalisation from patiently assembled, apparently trivial particulars, is what vindicates the whole business of literary scholarship.

Professor Lednicki's prose, it must be admitted, is far from elegant; and his approach is often too ponderous and deliberate. It is a pity, too, that he permitted himself, in a concluding chapter, to argue that Russian imperialism is morally worse than other imperialisms because the Polish culture it tried to suffocate is superior to the cultures of the Iroquois, of the African, or even (one infers) of the Indian Moslem and Brahmin. This begs altogether too many questions. But this outstanding book deserves to have at least the effect of sending the English reader to the translations (uninspired but mostly adequate), not just of Pushkin, Lermontov, and other neglected Russians, but of the Polish writers too, and of Mickiewicz above all.

DONALD DAVIE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Lonely Pleasures. By DANIEL GEORGE. *Cape.* 15*s.*

> Some in Antient Books delight:
> Others prefer what Moderns write:
> Now I should be extremely loath
> Not to be thought expert in Both.

That verse, the epigraph to this volume of essays, is taken out of Prior. It might have been designed for Mr. Daniel George; for he is as expert in both as a writer who is by trade a critic and by taste a reader can well expect to become. Perhaps because of this dual approach, literature is more of a battleground than a resting-place to Mr. George. *Lonely Pleasures*, therefore—a series of reflections on his heterogeneous reading—is meant not only to divert and to inform, but to provoke; it certainly does all three. Legend springs up under Mr. George's pen: it may be to do with Adam's eldest daughter's hat, or Tasso's taste for marzipan, or the books aboard the *Mayflower*, or Rossetti on Wordsworth's poetry (he called it "puffy-muffy"). Even his moments of confirmable fallibility have the air of being deliberate. He plays, for instance, a neat game of quibble with *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, charting so knowledgeably its omissions and idiosyncrasies that when he remarks that Browning's poems are responsible for its longest entry (nine pages), is this not, one feels, merely to bait the reviewer into counting up the fourteen devoted to Tennyson and the sixty-eight to Shakespeare?

But Mr. George's observations, many of which were planned originally for weekly publication, need to be taken only in modest quantities at a time. Otherwise, the dizzied and over-stuffed reader, his head ringing with anecdote, epigram and quaint quotation, may have the impression that Mr. George is not so much offering his discoveries to a friend or friendly stranger as making points against an invisible antagonist. The same reader may observe that, with no lack of serious subjects in his store, Mr. George almost invariably shies from making—or at any rate dwelling at length upon—the serious statement. This is a pity: for when Mr. Daniel George is not bewitching himself and sometimes ourselves with the curious verbal structures he likes to fabricate, he can reveal a point of view (not least upon "what Moderns write") that is certainly worth a hearing.

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Botteghe Oscure XIII. Edited by MARGUERITE CAETANI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

The most moving pages in this volume are the three letters from Dylan Thomas to its editor. Two are concerned with the version of *Under Milk Wood* that appeared in the ninth issue of this review; the third, written very shortly before his death, is itself a poetical rhapsody. The virtues and the weaknesses of Dylan Thomas are so vividly revealed in these few pages of his own writing that the *Elegy* dedicated to him by Vernon Watkins, which immediately follows them, seems curiously remote. David Gascoyne's poem on the death of Paul Eluard is much less formally elegiac, but it is evocative, the work of a genuinely sympathetic imagination.

Kay Cicellis, in *The Death of a Town*, uses a method not unlike that of *Under Milk Wood*, though she relies far more on visual than on aural effects. She constructs her picture of the impact of the great Cephalonian earthquake on a variety of people in Lassuri by means of a storyteller and brief shifting impressions of one character after another. Her technique is descriptive rather than dramatic, but it compels attention by its clarity and strength. Guglielmo Petroni's *Noi dobbiamo parlare* is the most solid and perhaps the most satisfying piece of fiction in this issue. *Les Prisonniers*, by a newcomer, André Vannier, is subtly done; David Stuart's *Bird Man* is an impressively macabre piece, and *A Costly Project*, by Cleveland Moffet, is a fable with good sardonic touches. As usual, the review gives the reader a chance to sample the work of writers who are virtually unknown alongside contributions by those who are already internationally famous.

The One Remains. By STEWART PEROWNE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20s.

One part of this "Report from Jerusalem" is a guide to the city, melancholy today with the truce line splitting it but with the pomp of history behind it. The other is a survey of the Arab refugee problem. Mr. Perowne joined the Palestine Government Education Service in 1927; he has had most varied experience in the Near East and has a great affection for the Arabs. Perhaps in the guide-book section he tries to convey too much detail. He has an impressive knowledge of history from classical times but the survey of buildings and streets is too clotted.

The chapters on refugees, on the other hand, though depressing, flow easily. Mr. Perowne describes with only a trace of indignation the smallness of supplies handed out by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency—because the countries of the world do not subscribe enough. Life in camps is more miserable than it need be, and the refugees are bitterly resentful, refusing schemes for resettlement and insisting on "return"—which is now impossible. Nor are the majority of refugees in camps. They are living in caves and ruins or in corners with relatives in hopelessness and poverty. The official refugees are not the only sufferers. There are the "economic refugees" who have lost work or land but do not qualify for U.N. rations, and there are the villages by the truce line which have had their land taken away. Some alleviation to this impression of misery is given by an account of the work that the author and the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem are doing in organising the building of new villages by the refugees themselves. An infinitesimal number have so far been affected, but it has become a co-operative enterprise between Britons and Arabs.

Of Learned Ignorance. By NICOLAS CUSANUS. Trans. by FR. GERMAIN HERON. *Routledge.* 23s.

Nicolas of Cusa is one of those enigmatic figures who occupy the frontier land between the Middle Ages and the modern world and, as historical scholarship moves the boundary stones backward and forward, emerge first on one side and then on the other. In political thought, he looks back to the idea of a universal Christian authority, and forward to some notion of law and government resting on consent. In philosophy, he looks back to Neo-Platonism, and forward to the idea of Nature as an infinite self-unfolding system. And in other ways, his philosophy runs parallel to his politics. For one of his greatest practical achievements was in connection with the reunion of the Roman and the Eastern Churches, culminating in that event which so struck the imagination of his contemporaries, the visit of the Emperor John Palaeologus to Florence. So the dominant notion in his speculative philosophy is the reconciliation of contraries.

Of Learned Ignorance will naturally be of great interest to all historians of Renaissance ideas. To the philosopher it may hold some interest as an example of the way extravagantly speculative metaphysics can have its avowed roots in scepticism. But it is not a work that can survive the making of any serious claims on its behalf. Its editor says with moderation: "The best way of putting in a word for Nicolas is perhaps to suggest temperately that he is not altogether talking nonsense." Perhaps an even better way would have been to have left his work in the decent shroud of a learned language. The series in which this book appears is called "Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science": certainly there could be no better way of ensuring the rarity of a book of just over 50,000 words than to sell it at 23s.

The Modulor. By LE CORBUSIER. Trans. by PETER DE FRANCIA and ANNA BOSTOCK. *Faber.* 25s.

The Modulor is a system of measurement involving the "golden section" and thus ensuring, if sympathetically used, harmonious formal relationships throughout any structure whose dimensions conform with the Modulor series. The first French edition appeared in 1950, the second in 1951. Larger and better printed than either, this translation provides the English reader with an opportunity to test both his wits and his patience. The thing is brilliantly ingenious; and if the author's self-dramatisation does come over rather quaintly at times, this only makes for gaiety in a sad world. An essential book for drawing-board men and a fascinating one for all amateurs of the mathematics of beauty.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,273

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a typical Sunday newspaper serial written by any one of the following: Piers Gaveston, the Earl of Essex, Lady Castlemaine, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Baroness Lehzen, or Mrs. Langtry. Limit, 150 words. Entries by July 27.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,270

Set by Denis Dymchurch

Mr. Walter de la Mare has remarked that many essentially beautiful and evocative words have missed their vocations (Linoleum, for instance, ought to be a charming old Mediterranean seaport). Competitors are asked for 10 lines of verse in which more appropriate meanings are given to such wasted words.

Report by Denis Dymchurch

Entries recalled one of those fancy dress balls to which the guests (words in this case) have been invited to come as the character they would most like to be. It was also a sharp reminder that even in the most respectable ivory towers the perfect poetic marriage of Sound and Sense is apt to have its ups and downs. Sound having been allowed to arrange things just as she wished, it was not surprising that Spenserian and Tennysonian echoes abounded. What was remarkable was the unanimity among competitors in their choice of words. Margarine was easily first favourite and there were many lanolines, decibels, paraffins, asphalts and corduroys. A multitude of medical terms found themselves out of hospital, and in the flower garden (memories of early Huxley brought one or two carminatives), while the owners of some proprietary names would be surprised to know what they suggest to readers.

In a large entry there were many individual felicities Particularly noted were:

The gentle silo of the breeze. (P. M.)

Pantechnicon was dancing a cedilla,
A glass of epidermis in his hand (R. G. Best)

LONDON AND
MANCHESTER
ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

Points from the speech of the Chairman, Lord Grantchester, O.B.E., at the 85th Annual General Meeting held on the 15th July, 1954.

★ Continued progress in all branches • Total income up £320,000 • Funds now over £50 million • Increased Bonus.

★ Convenient payments, weekly, monthly, or at longer intervals, for policies to provide against the death of the breadwinner, the needs of old age; to add to the joy of a whole host of anticipated happy occasions, coming of age, marriage, starting up on their own of members of the family, etc., etc.

★ Through wise investment by the Company, policyholders benefit from the profits of British industrial enterprises.

Chief Office: **FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2.**

O, good shot,
A plump lagonda for the pot! (J. P. Stevenson)

For old King Erysipelas is dead
And Queen Arthritis shares his earthen bed.
(Allan M. Laing)

There are hoarhounds chained below. (Inkasyne)

Avoiding the rocks of Jabberwocky-Joyce and the whirlpools of too-obvious Malaprop was, it seems, anything but easy, but one competitor at least achieved this quite admirably. For this perfect pearl (or margarine) I recommend a first prize of two guineas to Edward Blishen, with one guinea each to Nancy Gunter, Apple Tree, Ruth Collins and Eileen M. Haggitt. Runners up: Heather Vineham, Brian Rhys, Stanley J. Sharpless and V. N. Massey.

Sweet Hernia on the heights of Plasticine
Sings to the nylon songs of Brassière:
The very aspirins listen, as they lean
Against the vitreous wind, to her sad air.

I see the bloom of mayonnaise she holds
Coloured like roofs of far-away Shampoo
Its asthma sweetens Earth! Oh, it enfolds
The alum land from Urine to Cachou!

One last wild gusset, then she's lost in night!
And dusk the dandruff dims, and anthracite!
EDWARD BLISHEN

A talon'd endive from the blue,
Sharp grief has swooped on me;
My Vaseline has proved untrue
And flaunted rivals three
With shameless brasseric.

In the far Turpentines, where grave
Yet sweet colanders play
On vermicellis, I will lave
Her salsify away
In vintage Tourniquet.
NANCY GUNTER

From THE IBERIANS: an Arthurian Legend

. . .Forth rode Sir Virus, nor looked back to see
His castle's frowning poulticed walls, inset
With lichened torts and quaint malfeasances;
Nor heard the flood with streptococcal roar
Plunge down the grape-hung terraces to meet
Swift-flowing Vinegar; nor felt his horse
Ratchet and pestle on the northern hills.
For Lanoline, in her Welsh bower, o'erhung
With yellow umbilicus buds and velvet
Hernia blossom, span the thread that drew him . . .
APPLE TREE

I gave her simple flowers: hegemony.
Miasma, scrofula. She bent her knee
To stroke the palliasses gambolling
About her feet. We heard the fichu sing.
Cool limousine we drank; smooth summary
Was all our meal . . . A litmus scuttled by;
Two millimetres fluttered overhead;
Our path lush serials festooned . . . then said
My love, my Calomel, " I must go home,"
And, sighing, sought her father's palindrome.
RUTH COLLINS

Now when bold Cyclotron his allergy displays,
And wields his bungalow o'er Asdic seas,
Fair Migraine from her bollard copses strays,
And leaves her garden sweet with calories.
She dons her carburettor gown and throws
Her silken surtax round her shoulders fair,
And where she walks halitosis blows,
And baffles call through the synoptic air;
And in the plagiary where bullions sing,
She kneels before her recrudescent king.
EILEEN M. HAGGITT

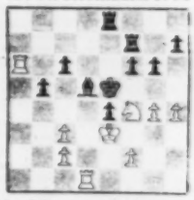
CHESS : Calling All Study Composers

No. 250

One should avoid sentimentality about anniversaries, and most of us, as we get older, lose that youthful zest for celebrating a birthday. Still, there is that nice round figure at the top of the column, and we might as well celebrate it here and now, even when it means a week's delay for something as topical as the report on the Anglo-Soviet match. Here then is the offer of a study competition open to anybody anywhere, and so as to give oversea competitors ample time I had better fix the closing date for entries to reach this office as late as Monday, October 11th. First prize will be four guineas, the others being 3 *gns.*, 2 *gns.* and 1 *gn.* respectively. Each entry should be an *ad hoc* composition or, at any rate, one not previously published. I expect to face an *embarras de richesse*, and I hope the result will be sheer joy and glory, unmarred by any untoward accident on the cookhunting field. Even so, both hunter and victim would be in very good company; for from time to time the greatest masters find their handiwork spoiled by the discovery of a cook. Some such discoveries indeed were made by our own crack-solvers, but here is one achieved by two *Schach-Echo* readers when that excellent journal reprinted this famous old study by the great Henri Rinck. It was first published by the *British Chess Magazine* in 1917 and reprinted many times in papers, books and anthologies; but it was only this year that the cook was discovered. Let us first look at the author's solution, accepted and enjoyed by so many readers all over the world and all these years. White to win: (1) B-B1, P-Kt7. (2) BxKtP, PxB. (3) B-Kt8, K-Kt3. (4) B-K5 and wins. But he shouldn't! Both Herr Pelkmann (a schoolmaster) and Herr Krause discovered that Black need not play (3) . . . K-Kt3 at all; his K can go after the KBP and still get home to QR1 in time to secure the draw like this. (3) . . . K-Q4! (4) B-R7, K-K5. (5) K-B4, KxP. (6) K-Kt5, K-K4. (7) KxP, K-Q3. (8) K-R6, K-B2! etc. It seems a pity to see a genuine Rinck defaced; but what matters more is to restore the integrity of the master's work. Let Right be done!

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced an elegant mate in 3 moves. How? **B**—White to win—is subtle but none too difficult for 6 ladder-points. To earn the 7 points for **C**—White to win—may be slightly facilitated by the (fairly obvious) hint that here too the Kt shows some wizardry. But, even more obviously, I had to do homage to the memory of a great composer by concluding with one of his innumerable *un*blemished masterpieces.

A : K. Hromadka 1931



B : Richard Reti 1929

C : Henri Rinck 1914

Usual prizes. Entries by July 26.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

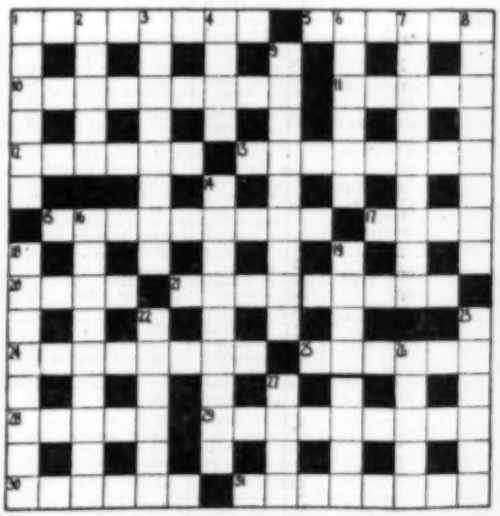
No. 247 Set June 26

A: (1) P-K7, B-Q1. (2) P-K8=B!, B moves. (3) B-Q7 ch and mates next move.
B: (1) B-K5 ch., R x B. (2) P-B7, R-K3. (3) P-K5 ! etc.
C: (1) QRP queens ch., K x Q. (2) B-Kt4 ! R-K5 ch. (3) K-Q7, R-Q5 ch. (4) K-B7, R-B5 ch. (5) K-Kt6, R-Kt5 ch (6) K-R6, R-R5 ch. (7) K-Kt5, etc.
If (6) . . R-Kt1. (7) B-B3 ch.

A relatively easy lot, and many correct solutions. Prizes shared by M. W. Beckelman (of Paris), C. J. Morse, A. Schneider, T. J. Simmonds. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 109

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 109, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 27



ACROSS

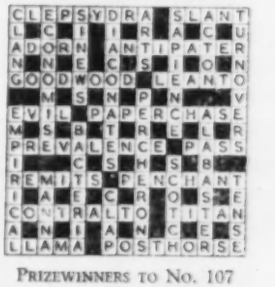
1. In broken pride the woman died (8).
5. Penny meant perhaps for a machine (6).
10. For a writer there is an advantage in a hidden secret (9).
11. " 'Tis —— to be that which we destroy " (5).
12. " A man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the Baronetage " (6).
13. Where there is a bank before the entrance to the river (8).
15. How to make the new order then avail in the state (9).
17. Hero of Trollope and Twain (4).
20. Munitions could not do without this part of the army (4).
21. Longshaw is one of them (4, 5).
24. Opera game (8).
25. Walk or go by road transport? (6).
28. Cut a bit off the fruit for the cooker (5).
29. The oriental breathes internally (9).
30. There are fowl in the interior of the province (6).
31. How Fisheries get hold of an agricultural worker? (8).

DOWN

1. Appropriate friend for Pip (6).
2. In the country of river and mountains (5).
3. Kind of language which has changed in vocals (8).
4. " Whatever Miss T. —— turns into Miss T." (De La Mare) (4).
6. As large birds come up and take for granted (6).
7. Overseas broadcasting (9).
8. Shopkeeper in the French sea song (8).
9. When the ace is shuffled with the spades, you can make tricks (9).
14. Flight which may continue after landing (9).
16. This number converted to the Church of England for life (9).
18. Cheers up in games (8).
19. What the Left remarked in Egypt? (4, 4).
22. Needles are associated with these channels (6).
23. Show a parson with a mixed drink (6).
26. One nice change for ancient Britons (5).
27. Rotten sailors need these entertainers (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 107



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 107

Nikhil Sidhanta (New Delhi), Norman Wormleighton (Tunbridge Wells), Mrs. G. Bousall (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economics. The lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and conduct correspondence courses in the subject of economics for the B.A. degree. He may be required to undertake some internal teaching in addition to correspondence duties, and he will be encouraged to engage in research work. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,100 to £A1,450 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 16, 1954.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence for Women Students. Applications are invited from graduates for the following appointments: Tutor (part-time) of the Mary Worthington Wing (about 60 residents), with board and residence and an honorarium of £100 per annum. Assistant Tutor (part-time) of Stopford Wing (about 20 residents), with board and residence. Duties to begin at end of September, 1954. Applications, to be submitted not later than August 14, should be addressed to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MALE graduates in History, Geography, or Economics, are invited to apply for appointment as Lecturer in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. Talks on every aspect of wool are given in schools and colleges and to adult audiences of all kinds. Previous lecturing or teaching experience is essential. Training will be given after appointment. The work will entail considerable mid-week travel. Commencing salary £550, with superannuation benefits after qualifying period. Subsistence allowance and first-class travelling expenses are paid. Applications, stating age and date available, should be marked "Confidential L" and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited, preferably from Graduates in the field of Economics and Social Studies, for a Temporary post as Research Assistant to carry out an investigation into the Social Consequences of Shift Work as part of a larger project on Shift Working problems. The appointment is for six months commencing October 1, 1954, with a possible extension for a further three months. Salary £50 per month. Applications (4 copies) should be sent to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by August 7, 1954.

WEST Indian Students' Centre. The Governing Body invite applications for the post of Warden/Secretary (male) to undertake day-to-day management and accounting and correspondence duties in connection with non-residential students' centre to be opened shortly in Kensington. Salary £700 a year with free quarters, heating and lighting. Candidates, aged not less than 25, should be of good education, with an interest in and experience of students' welfare work. Applications not later than August 9 to Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1, quoting reference No. M3B/34484/NJ.

BURSAR-Estate Manager required in September. Practical man with knowledge of administration scrupulous personal standards, authority and discrimination, ability to supervise buildings and land, able to handle maintenance staff and children. Opportunity for trained business man to undertake work of educational and human interest in venture that is still pioneering. Salary not large but other compensations considerable. Headmaster, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

QUALIFIED Assistant Master (single, 25-45) required by September for small co-educational school. Box 9544.

REQUIRED for September, lecturer in general cultural and political subjects. Also for Course in Administration and Management. Preferably full-time. Resident or non-resident. Ability to teach languages an advantage. Please state qualifications and experience. Box 9639.

WOMAN Youth Leader wanted September 1. Able to undertake Family Case Work. Resident post. Salary according to age and experience. Apply The Warden, Beauchamp Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.

SHORTHAND Tutor required, September, London Secretarial College. Wide interests and educational background essential, as well as technical efficiency. Some experience outside teaching preferred. Box 9754.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CORPORATION of Glasgow. Art Galleries and Museums. Appointment of Curator of the Department of Art. Applications are invited for the position of Curator of the Department of Art in the Art Galleries and Museums, Kelvingrove, Glasgow. Preference will be given to candidates holding a University Degree or with some experience in an Art Gallery. Ability to organise exhibitions and to give popular lectures will also be an advantage. The salary scale is £810 × £40 – £1,010. The post is superannuable to medical examination. Applications marked on the envelope "Curator of the Department of Art" with copies of three recent testimonials should be lodged with me by July 31, 1954. William Kerr, Town Clerk, City Chambers, Glasgow.

B.B.C. requires Chinese Programme Organiser (British National). Duties include planning and production of Kuoyu and Cantonese programmes, supervision of staff broadcasting in these languages, preparation in English of news bulletins, talks and simple feature programmes for translation. Essential qualifications: editorial ability, administrative experience, knowledge of and interest in world affairs in general and Far East and China in particular, experience in working with Chinese Nationals and/or Overseas Chinese. Knowledge of written Chinese, residence or travel in China and among Overseas Chinese communities, broadcasting experience and good academic background desirable. Salary £990 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,320 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "315 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Applications are invited for the post of Authorised Officer (Male) in the Mental Health Service. Duties will include the taking of initial proceedings in the provision of care and treatment of persons suffering from mental illness, and their conveyance to the appropriate Mental Hospital. Salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade IV (£580 × £15—£625 per annum). Applicants should hold—(a) University Diploma or Certificate in Mental Health, or (b) University Diploma or Certificate in Social Science. The successful candidate will be required to take his share of duty out of normal working hours and at weekends on a rota system with other members of the Staff. Applications, giving particulars of age, experience and qualifications together with copy of two recent testimonials, should be forwarded to the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Council House, Birmingham, 3, not later than August 2, 1954.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals, St. Francis and Hurstwood Park Hospitals, Haywards Heath, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required at the above Hospitals. St. Francis is a Psychiatric Hospital of 1,000 beds and associated with it is Hurstwood Park a Neuropsychiatric Unit of 50 beds. Plans are now being prepared for the erection of an acute Psychiatric Unit adjacent to Hurstwood Park to contain 60 beds. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council, viz., £470 per annum at age of 27 or over rising to £560 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £478-£637. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and returnable by July 28. (949.)

ASSIST. Matron, also Housemother reqd. for Sarah Laski Children's Home, Manchester, catering for healthy short stay children. Congenial post. Matron, 38 St. Mary's Rd., Manchester, 8. Tel. Cheetham Hill 2058.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London W.11.

GIRL, educated and robust, wanted to share cooking of mid-day meal in country boarding school (co-ed.) near sea. Resident post, September or earlier. Write Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport.

GENTLEMAN running marionette theatre requires from August 15 approx., assistant, m. or f., shorthand-typing, domesticated, speak parts, manipulate puppets. No experience necessary, training given. Student considered, constant travelling. Hard worker. Long and irregular hours. Caravan accommodation. Excellent salary plus board and lodging. Twelve months' minimum contract. Send fullest partics. to Box 9549.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEEDS Council of Social Service. Applications are invited from men and women for the post of General Secretary to this Council. Professional qualifications and wide experience in social work essential. Minimum salary £550 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Applications with copies of two recent testimonials and names of two persons for references to be received by The Chairman, Kirkgate House, Church Row, Leeds, 2, not later than August 7, from whom application forms and further particulars may be obtained.

ASSOCIATION of Scientific Workers. Trade Union Organiser required to work from office in London. Commencing salary within range £600-£675 p.a. Applications should be sent to General Secretary, 15 Half Moon St., London, W.1, by August 15.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires Assistant Secretary to assist with office administration and Grants and Welfare Dept. Administrative experience essential, degree and knowledge of education system an advantage. Salary £400 × £25 to £550. Closing date August 7, 1954. Application form and further details from General Secretary, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

YOUNG Man completed National Service, some commercial experience, required as trainee in London import/export office. Knowledge German and flair for technical matters essential. Good prospects. Write fully Box 9745.

SMALL Christian Community working with offenders in London area has vacs. in Sept. for 2 residents who will follow own occupation but share the life of the house. Demands exacting. Those looking for novel experience please do not apply. Box 9477.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Sq., req. Box Office Assistant with knowl. typing, for evenings only. Interviews 6-7 p.m.

WOMEN'S magazine requires full-time staff for answering readers' problems. Good English and fast typing essential. Age 23 to 35. Apply Box 9688.

PERSONAL Assistant and Private Secretary wanted for the Senior Executive of expanding Company. Only fully expd. persons need apply. Shorthand/Typing and knowledge book-keeping essential. Administrative background invaluable. Write, giving all particulars and salary reqd. Applicants between ages 35 and 45 preferred. Box 9647.

MANAGING Director of a large business organization in provincial town 50 miles from London requires first-class private secretary, aged 25-35 years. Applicants must be fully experienced, efficient and adaptable, able to work on own initiative and with a pleasing and obliging personality. The position is a difficult one, as the employer has a number of varied interests including public duties, but a good salary will be paid, and if necessary, a flat can be provided. Excellent working conditions, staff pension scheme and restaurant facilities. Apply Box 338, 6 Aldford Street, London, W.1.

EXPERIENCED, well-educated secretary, with rapid shorthand, required by Chairman of London Theatre Company. Age 25-35. Languages an asset. Write stating age, details of previous employment and salary required to Box 9679.

EFFICIENT and experienced secretary reqd. for Sales Department of Fine Art Publishers. Previous experience in publishing desirable. Please write to The Phaidon Press, 5 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

TRAVEL Agency (London) has vacancy for well-educated young woman in their Enquiry and Booking Office. Interesting permanent position. Write, stating experience and salary required, to Box N.S.964, c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

MALE secretary, shorthand-typing, good education, some Italian, age immat., good prospects. W.1 office. Write Box 9480.

SECRETARY reqd. once weekly (3-4 hours) in Swiss Cottage area. Good remuneration to really efficient person. Perelman, 47 Lancaster Grove, N.W.3. PRI. 1059.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Short hours. No Sats. Up to £7 10s. p.w.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

TEMPORARY Shorthand & Copy Typists urg. required for day or week. Excel. salary. 'Phone Staff Manageress, GER. 9911.

COMPLETE charge 5-yr.-old boy plus assistance housekeeping during term-time in writer's Kensington home from September. Former experience preferred. Box 9693.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

A NEW career required by film technician, 32. Public School education. Good at figures, good appearance. Will consider any work in London with prospects. Must have stability. Will accept low grade position to gain experience. Box 9453.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MARRIED Couple (37) seek position for one or both with living accommodation two boys aged 10 and 4. Wife experienced as housekeeper at a large provincial hotel; also management of hostels and as commercial office manager; good cook. Husband wide experience institutional management, but preference for outdoor or practical work; able to drive all types of vehicle. Good references. All suggestions welcomed and acknowledged. Box 9502.

ACTIVE Partnership sought by ex-Director of wholesale firm. Exod. businessman and able negotiator with legal training. Conversant with languages. Might be prepared to make investment. Box 9646.

FRENCH student (4 certificates), seeks part-time work to earn living while studying in London; waiter job welcome. J. Joubert, 23 Victoria Crescent, Barnsley, Yorks.

BIOLOGIST. Honours graduate, Zoology. Admin. & library experience. Can drive, type. Interesting job wanted. Box 9558.

WORTHWHILE term-time employment sought by woman, 'thirties, linguist, organising ability, shorthand-typing, car-driver. Would travel. Box 9550.

COLOURED Law student (m.), West Indies, seeks part-time job. Tel. MOU. 9998.

BACHELOR, 32, exper. travelling, clerical, literary bent, fond of children, music, reqs. post access. Hastings. Industrious, homely, adaptable, A.1 personal integrity. Suggestions. Mod. salary. Box 9600.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

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NEWLY discovered writings by Lenin on the U.S.A. First Translation in the July "Labour Monthly." Also: R.P.D. on the Washington Talks. 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half year's sub. from 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

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£1 paid: Borkenau, Communist Int'l.; Rosenberg, Hist. Bolshevism. Wants list from Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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PERSONAL

MEDICAL student requires tutorship in elementary physics. Box 9612.

FAST car to Switzerland/North Italy July 31, return August 15; seat available. Cook, 140 Coulsdon Rd., Coulsdon, Surrey.

AUSTRALIAN cple. wd. like share exp. car to Bavaria early Aug. MOU. 3991.

OXFORD undergrads. motor Florence Aug. 14, retn. Sept. 4: 2 vacs. Box 9628.

TWO male Pritchettites, armed Siddeley, need 1-2 others to share Spanish petrol 3 weeks July 27. TAT. 2108.

MEDITERRANEAN. Sept. 4-19. Mixed priv. party. £30 inc. PRI. 7523. Box 9655.

DOCTOR motoring August 5 Switzerland, Italian and French Riviera will take passenger, £20. Box 9548.

WIDOWER, late forties, would join similar or party motoring home or abroad. Expert driver, fond of fishing, golf, country. Knowledge French, German. Expense unimportant for 2 or 3 weeks. Box 9653.

GENTLEMAN, interested in the arts, seeks travelling companion (m) for French tour August. Box 9782.

HOLIDAY exch. rqd. for 2 Britain/abroad. Offered comf. London flat. Box 9692.

COUPLE touring Switz./Italy seek couple share exp. From Aug. 3. GLA. 9034.

WOULD English family take French boy (18) as P.G. in country/seaside? Mme. Donne, 24 Rue de la Faisanderie, Paris, 16e.

DOCTOR'S family with student son of 18 would take in August boy of 16-17 to France. Sports or if needed coaching for any school exams. or French. Szeben, WES. 0171, Ext. 37, rot between 10 and 12 a.m.

LADY reqs. comf. holiday accom. and board, beginning Sept., where intensive piano-playing possible. Box 9685.

CONTINENT—Young lady seeks Australian or N.Z. companion (female) for tour month of August. Box 9741.

BOY 10: suggestions & details for summer hol. rqd. Refs. exch. Box 9490.

SIAMESE & other cats boarded. Comf. qters., good food. Collected & returned if reqd. Hilton, Hilton Cottage, Grove Lane, Chalfont St. Peter. Gerrards Cross 2913.

EXPLORE lovely Bucks country. Comf. cottage accom. in Burnham Beeches for hikers, cyclists. Weekends from 15s. Box 9437.

PROF. actress will undertake production for amateur societies. Also coach for auditions, &c. London area. Box 9248.

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S. Many of Harold Ingham's summer parties were fully booked in March. Winter ski parties will also fill up early, so write now to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, and put your name down for a programme.

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CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

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CHARMING Bijou Guest House with private garden, within 10 mins. of the West End. Resident Housekeeper. Bed & breakfast (other meals optional), students sharing from £2 10s. per week. Doubles from £4 10s. per week. Apply Managing Agents, E.K. House, 66 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 2989.

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NR. Belsize Pk. Tube/buses, well-furn. b/s. rm., bath., bkfst., meals opt., ckg. fac. PRI. 2403 aft. 4, wk.-ends. aft. 11 a.m.

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ATTRACTIVE furn. rooms and flatlet in writer's new house. Cooking fac. Nr. Tube. 50s., 55s., 70s. PRImrose 0029.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

MODERN bungalow, 2 bed., living-room, etc., in unequalled cliff position nr. Dover, to let part furnished 1-3 yrs. £156 p.a. Tel., garage, kept garden, caretakers on hand. Magnificent views across Channel, adj. golf crse. Apply Hope Bay Studio, Kingsdown, Nr. Deal, Kent, or WHI. 0906.

FURNISHED flatlet, 2 roomed, s/c, quiet. Suit prof. woman. Share bath. 3gns. MAIda Vale 7277 evenings.

TO let, August 7-12. Flat, Hampstead. 2 bedrooms (5 beds.), 'phone, linen, etc. 10gns. p.w. incl. Refs. Box 9611.

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MODERN Service Flatlets. C.H.W. All cons. Singles/Doubles. BAY. 3675.

SUNNY sgle. div.-rm. Gas-ring. Ascot. 2 mn. Fin. Rd./Ham. Hth. 35s. HAM 9830.

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DOUBLE or single room, pleasant, newly furnished and decorated, balcony. No restrictions. 'Phone PRI. 5602.

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HAMPSTEAD: Double divan bed-sitt., built-in kitchenette with gas cooker, water heater, hand basin. Linen, crockery, etc. Use gdn. No colour prej. 52s. 6d. p.w. HOL. 6237.

SITTING-Room, 12ft × 24ft, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, bathroom: unfurnished maisonnette in large country house; unspoilt, progressively-minded village, mid-Lincs. All services. Low rent to tenant willing to decorate. Box 9470.

COUNTRY cottage Glos. nr. Bristol to let July 30-Aug. 13. 5gns. Sleep 2. Box 9510.

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SNOWDONIA. Cott. near Llanberis, sleep 6, garage, mod. conv. Sept. 6gns. wk. Winter £3 wk. or by arrangement. Box 9620.

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B. & B. or b. sit. plus ckg. fac. for b'fast required from Sept. Lond. Box 9630.

SUDAN Govt. Official, N.Z.'er with wife & 2 young children wants s/c. fully furn. flat/cottage Sept. 15-Nov. 15. In or near (1 hour) London. Max. £7 p.w. Box 9623.

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SCHOOLMASTER, wife, 4 children, require holiday house, bungalow, South or West Coast 2 wks. Aug.-Sept. Box 9605.

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WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

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KESWICK - on - Derwentwater, Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

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BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

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EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until July 18: Rudolph Valentino in "Son of the Sheik" (U). From July 19: Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, Vittorio de Sica in Max Ophuls' "Madame De . . ." (A).

NATIONAL Film Th., South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat. July 17. Marlene Dietrich in "The Flame of New Orleans" (A). Dir. by Rene Clair. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., July 18, 7.30. "Aan" (Cert. A).

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., July 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

I.C.A. Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, Saturday, July 17, 8-11 p.m. at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Mem'ship invited.

ACADEMY House Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Monday Circle, July 19, 8 p.m. International Folk Dance Evening by Miss Circe Amado with Mr. Bert Price. Visitors 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions from all good printsellers and all on show at our new Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Paintings of Red Indians by George Catlin, 1794-1872; International Photography by Combined Societies, 1954. Until August 8. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Admission free.

TWO Worlds. Everyone interested in the welfare and progress of mankind should see the books on view in this Exhibition at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Members and parties from member schools free, non-members 1s. (non-member schools 3d. per head). 11-5 (Thurs. 11-8).

GIORGIO Morandi. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Prints. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till July 24. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1954. Hours 10—6, Sat. 10—1. Closes Aug. 28.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. 2s., Students 1s. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

THE Adams Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Selections from Paris Studios.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

"PEOPLE into Pictures": Figurative paintings of four centuries, at the Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Recent paintings by Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid. Daily 10.30-6. Closed Sundays. Until July 31. Members free. Admission 1s.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Parallels in Modern Painting.

ROYAL College of Art Exhibition of Industrial Design. Royal College of Art, Western Galleries, Imperial Institute Road, S.W.7. July 10-24 incl. 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. weekdays & Saturdays.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes July 25, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tue. & Thur. 10-8, Suns 2-6. Admission 1s.

LURCAT Exhibition closes July 17. From July 20: "Of Light and Colour," Summer Exhibition. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith. Last week.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., July 21, 7.30. Peggy Jay: "A New Deal for the Deprived Child." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Sat., July 24 at 6 p.m. Dr. A. L. Minns, "Where the English language comes from."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thursday, July 22, 8.15 p.m. Illustrated report: Biennale Exhibition in Venice. Introduction by Chairman Roland Penrose. Comments on the pavilions by David Sylvester, Bernard Denvir, Robert Melville, Richard Gainsborough. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Membership invited.

"THE British Film Industry." Open Disc. led by George Elvin. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30, Mon., July 19. B.W.S.A. Mems. 1s. Ors. 1s. 6d. (Half-price L.O.Y., Students.)

KENYA Situation: James Johnson, M.P., Kenya Delegate, Afro-West Indian Club, 245 Harrow Rd. W.2. 7.30 Sn. July 18.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Arthur Korn, A.R.I.B.A., Lecturer in Town and Country Planning at the Architectural Association, on "Problems of the Architect." Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. (next Dominion Th.) on Monday, July 19 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on "World Repercussions of the French Crisis." Speakers: Denis W. Healey, M.P., Christopher Hollis, M.P., on Thursday, July 22, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. 7.45. Visitors 3s 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., July 18. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Belfort Bax Centenary." Adm. free.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, 8.15, Fri., July 23. Mr. Philip H. Keeler: "The Way to Health." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, July 16. Dr. W. Bier, "Cruelty." Friday, July 23. Cedric Dover, "Perspectives on Racialism."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays 7 p.m. July 18: "Dream Consciousness."

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Have we anything to learn from Eastern thought?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 18, at 6.30 p.m.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesday, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for July 20: "Yoga and the thinking man." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

YOGA. Lecture-demonstration "With or Against Nature?" 22 Ebury St., S.W.1. Thursday, July 22, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, July 18, Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11 (near Holland Park Station). Discourse. Mr. Ronald Lightowler, "Spiritual Christianity."

ISRAEL—the Outlook To-day: Dr. B. J. A. Bard. Y.P.S. Technion Soc. Arts Th. Club, W.C.2. July 22, 8. Non-mems. 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SECRETARIAL Courses. No fees Londoners under 18. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

PROBLEMS of Emergent Africa—Residential Summer School. Holiday with a Purpose at Margate, August 14-21. Speakers include Michael Scott (Alternative to Apartheid), Basil Davidson (Nigerian Politics), Majorie Nicholson (Partnership in East Africa), Dr. Olu Bassir (West African Federation), Gladys Plummer (Women's Role in Africa); M. Saad el Din of Egypt, Professor Chandrasekhar of India, Peter Abrahams, the African novelist (Fusion of Cultures: Africa and the World) and others. Course (with documentary films) is free of charge and open to public. Hotel board and room (sea front) per week 5 guineas (2½ for "colonial" students). Apply: L. A. Fabunmi, Nigeria Union, 76 Crediton Hill, N.W.6.

THINKERS' Holiday Organization, 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science." Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethics and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, Prof. P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Imam of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Still a few vacancies.

FILM School: Write to 4 Gt. Russell St., or tel. MUS. 0581 for broch. of British Film Institute Film School in Scotland, Aug. 15-28, to coincide with the Edinburgh Festival.

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